

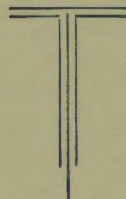
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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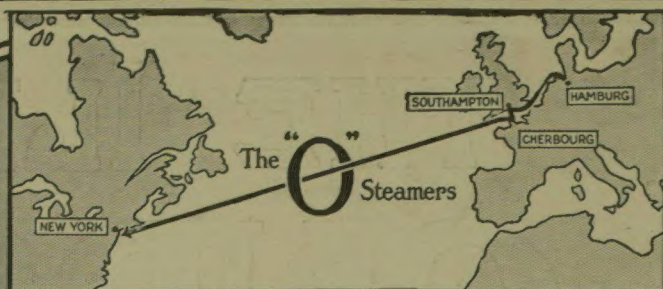
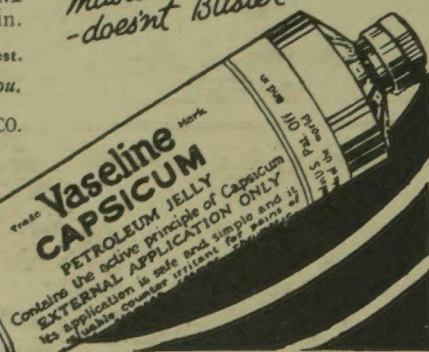
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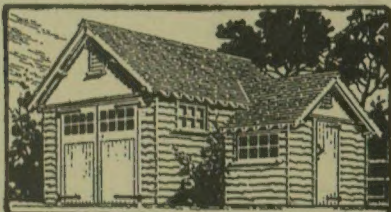


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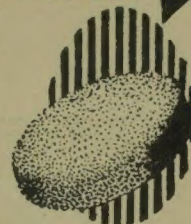
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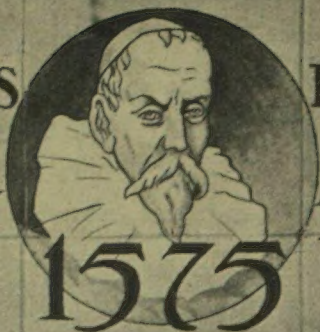
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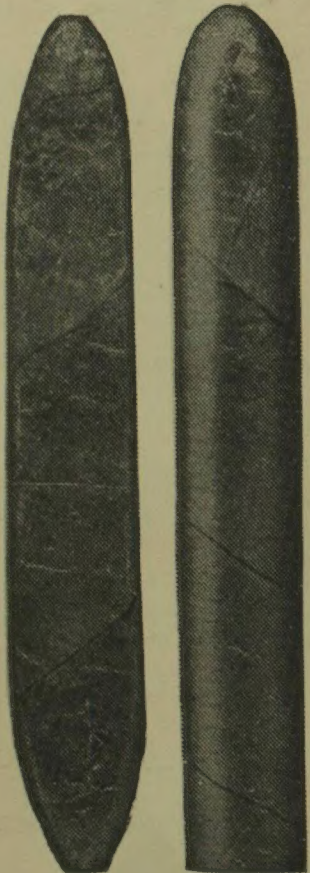
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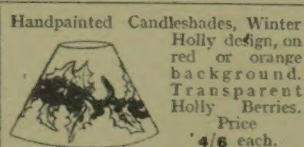
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1922.

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A NEW INSTRUMENT OF POLITICAL EDUCATION: A NOVEL WAY OF APPEALING TO THE PEOPLE "TO UPHOLD THE CONSTITUTION"—AN ORATOR SPEAKING INTO A GRAMOPHONE RECORDING-HORN.

The General Election has shown that Labour takes an intense interest in political and economic questions, and is eager to understand everything on which the welfare of the nation depends. Our illustration, showing an orator speaking into a His Master's Voice gramophone recording instrument, suggests a new means of educating the people in political wisdom. Gramophone records were used by enterprising candidates in the election to reach outlying parts of large constituencies, and many public men, including Mr. Lloyd George and the late

Earl Roberts, who recorded his famous speech on national service, have employed the same method. Sir Edward Marshall Hall urged, in a recent article, that the real dividing line in politics is between Socialism and Anti-Socialism. "We must have one great party," he said, "pledged to uphold the constitution of the Empire . . . it can only be maintained by the help of the middle classes and working men. . . . The party must be anti-Socialist, but not anti-reform." The gramophone might play a great part in the appeals of such a movement.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. R. S. STOTT. (COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.—C.R.)



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT always pleases me very much, if I may say so, that *The Illustrated London News* offers rather unique glimpses of archaeological discoveries—that is, of the sort of antiquities which are also novelties. I mean the kind of things which range from the remarkable discoveries in Crete many years ago to the traces of Greek civilisation in India which were shown in a recent issue. There is a curious fable that the study of such ancient stones has a petrifying effect on people. One of the figures in conventional fiction is the archaeological professor, who is always as dry as a parchment or as rigid as a hieroglyphic. He is one of the most fictitious figures even in fiction. I do not know why it should be supposed that a man who studies mummies must himself be a mummy. We do not insist that the hair of a botanist must be bright green, or that the complexion of every geologist must resemble old red sandstone. We do not expect an ornithologist to hop about flapping his two arms like wings. We do not expect a conchologist to curl up like a creature in a shell. Nor is there any reason why one studying old things should himself be old, or even why one who studies dead things should himself be dying. As a matter of fact, most of the men I have known who had a sort of passion for the past were particularly cheerful and vigorous. Being a practical excavator must mean being a practical adventurer, not ignorant of the toils or even the perils of travel. Scott, in the best of his novels, "The Antiquary," showed his own shrewdness in making the investigator not only sturdy, but shrewd. Indeed, Mr. Oldbuck is a man of liberal and almost revolutionary sympathies; while his friend Sir Arthur Wardour is distinguished from him by being merely traditional or reactionary. The one old gentleman is an antiquary, and the other only an antiquity. I do not say that any antiquaries are infallible, any more than Mr. Oldbuck was infallible about Aiken Drum's Lang Ladle. But he was certainly lively and humorous, and all the more lively and humorous for having passed so many of his days among the dead.

For there is here involved a larger matter, which is too little noted. We can see it best if we compare the old romances which the Antiquary studied—or, indeed, the old romance of the Antiquary himself—with a kind of new romance which has been rather typical of our time. I mean the romance about the future—often about the very remote future; and generally at least as strange and spectral as the most remote past. Sometimes it is the description of a Utopia, or perfect state of society into which our social tendencies will evolve. It is not unfair to say that very few Utopian stories have anything that can be called fun in them. The approximate exceptions are More's "Utopia," and the work of William Morris, with its fine irresponsible title of "News from Nowhere." They are exceptions precisely because neither More nor Morris was really modern, and because Morris was rather more medieval than More. But most futurist works have not even this amount of levity; and the reason is not unconnected with the real case for a study of the past.

We talk of the past as dead; but there is a very special and definite sense in which the past is always

a living thing while the future is a dead thing. We know that the past has moved on living lines; but we can only conceive the future as moving on dead lines—that is, on mechanical lines. If we think the future calculable at all, we can only calculate it in a mathematical fashion, by averages and tendencies and consistent curves of change. We can guess the population will increase in such and such a proportion, or mortality in such and such a degree; but we cannot think about the marriages or murders of the future as we do about the marriages and murders of the past. We can guess that this or that invention will be further improved, or this or that route of travel further developed; that a tax will increase or a trade expand. Probably we guess wrong; but certainly we guess in round numbers. We cannot see the fascinating fractions into which the real working out of the sum reduces the real number. It is always those vivid fractions—we might say those vulgar fractions—that we see in the past. It is the things left over, the things that do not fit,

in recurrence and a wheel of fate. It may be progressive in the pattern of an ascending spiral or self-repeating in the pattern of the swing of a pendulum. But the point about all these patterns is that they must all be mathematical patterns. None of them can be like artistic pictures. The point of all these lines is that they must all be mathematical lines; none of them can be free lines, like the lines of a draughtsman. It is only in the past that we find the finished picture; for it is only in the past that we find the free line. In other words, when we look at what men did, we are looking at what they freely chose to do. But when we consider what men will do, we cannot consider what they will choose to do. We can only consider what they must do. Unless it be something they cannot avoid, it is something we cannot predict. And so our prediction, whether it is true or not, will only be dealing with human society on its servile side. In so far as the next generation is free, it is free to frustrate our prophecy.

Now, the historic past is full of those free actions and frustrated prophecies. The future can only consist of things expected; it is only the past that consists of things that were entirely unexpected. Therefore history, and even archaeology, is intrinsically surprising; because it is the study of a story of surprises. For instance, a man looking at the round wheels of modern machinery, and delighted to see the wheels go round, may make a more or less mechanical calculation of what more wheels, or bigger wheels, or swifter wheels, might be used for doing in the future. But a man looking at the round arches of the old Roman and Norman architecture could not possibly have calculated from them that, a hundred years afterwards, the delicate energy of the Gothic would be piercing the sky with spires and pointed arches as if with spears and arrows. That was an act of free imagination and, properly understood, an act of free will. And even if nothing were left of the Gothic but a few grey ruins covered with moss and ivy, even if all the

spires were fallen and all the pointed arches broken, the study of them would still be an exciting study; because it would be the study of the intense excitement of an entirely new thing.

We cannot in that sense predict an entirely new thing. It would be to expect an unexpected thing. We cannot predict new things, because by hypothesis we can only calculate them logically from old things. We can stand in the present and project its lines further into the future; but we cannot stand in the future and project the new thing really native to the future. We may guess some of the fulfilments of a later generation; but we cannot share in any of its surprises. We may know a little about the heritage of our grandchildren, but nothing about their windfalls or their wilder adventures. If we want windfalls and wild adventures, we must consider the ways of our grandfathers and not our grandchildren. If we want the wildest emotions of novelty and astonishment, we can only find them in mouldering stones and fading tapestries, in the museum of antiquities or the place of tombs.



HEADED BY ISMET PASHA (FOURTH FROM LEFT IN FRONT): THE TURKISH DELEGATION AT THE NEAR EAST CONFERENCE AT LAUSANNE.

The Turkish Delegation to the Near East Conference, headed by General Ismet Pasha, was the first to arrive at Lausanne, coming by the Orient Express on Sunday November 12. They are sharing the Lausanne Palace Hotel with the French and Japanese delegates. The Conference was officially opened on the 20th, in the Lausanne Casino, by M. Haab, President of the Swiss Confederation. The names of those in the front row of the above group are given by a correspondent as follows: (from left to right)—Rechit Safet Bey, Zulf Bey, Riza Nur Bey (Commissar for Foreign Affairs), General Ismet Pasha (who was Commander-in-Chief on the Turkish Western front), Zekay Bey, Veli Bey, Mouftar Bey, and Munir Bey.—[Photograph by Keystone View Co.]

the things sprawling and struggling, that make the past so living a thing. That is why every prediction of the future, even by a genius like Mr. Wells, always looks like a long row of noughts. Our fathers were content to say that the future was x , or the unknown quantity. Our futurists are really content to prove that $x=0$. The mathematical figure for nought is round and harmonious and symmetrical, and has a fine inevitable curve; but it is also hollow and blank—a face without features. In all these points it resembles the usual Utopian or pessimistic prediction about the human race. But history has not been merely a row of noughts. Religious history, at worst, has been a game of noughts and crosses.

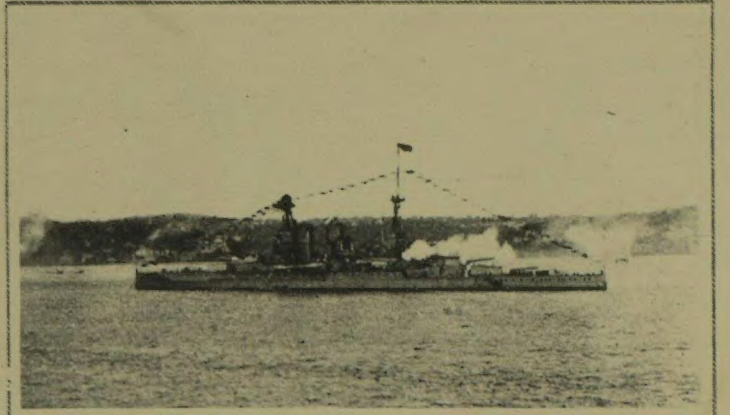
The future is dead, because all futurism must be a sort of fatalism. It cannot foresee the free part of human action; it can only foresee the servile part. It is not a question of whether the prediction is optimistic or pessimistic; it is a question of the nature of prediction itself. The line may go up or down, with the optimist or the pessimist; the line may merely go round and round, with those who believe

CONFERENCE; AN EARTHQUAKE RECORD; THE SMALLPOX.

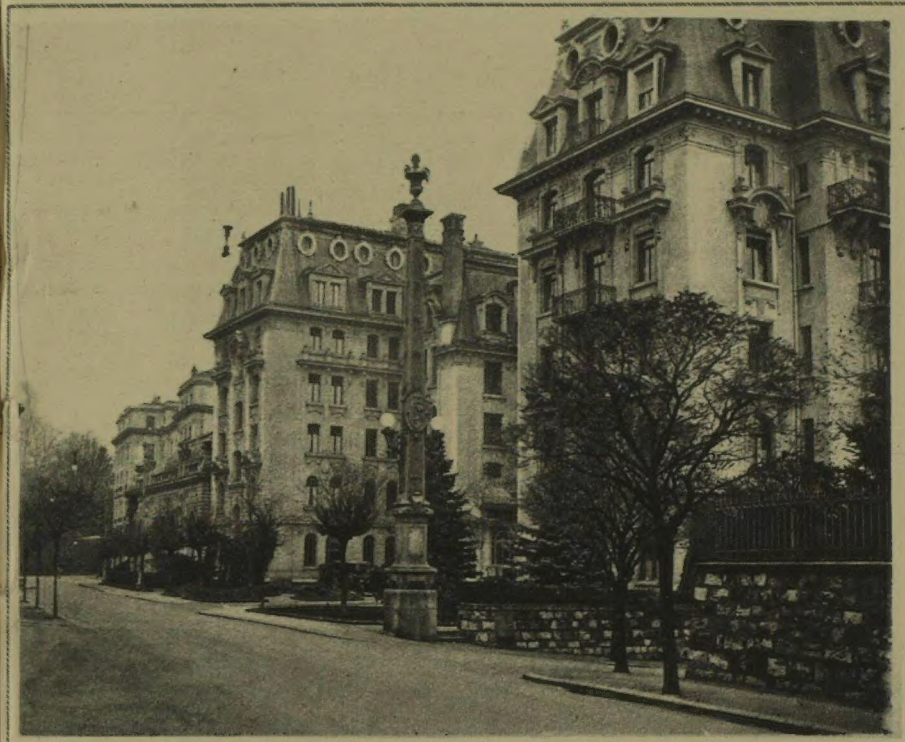
(BIRMINGHAM), AND SPORT AND GENERAL.



DRESSED OVER-ALL IN HONOUR OF THE KING OF ITALY'S BIRTHDAY ON NOVEMBER 11, DURING THE TWO-MINUTES SILENCE.



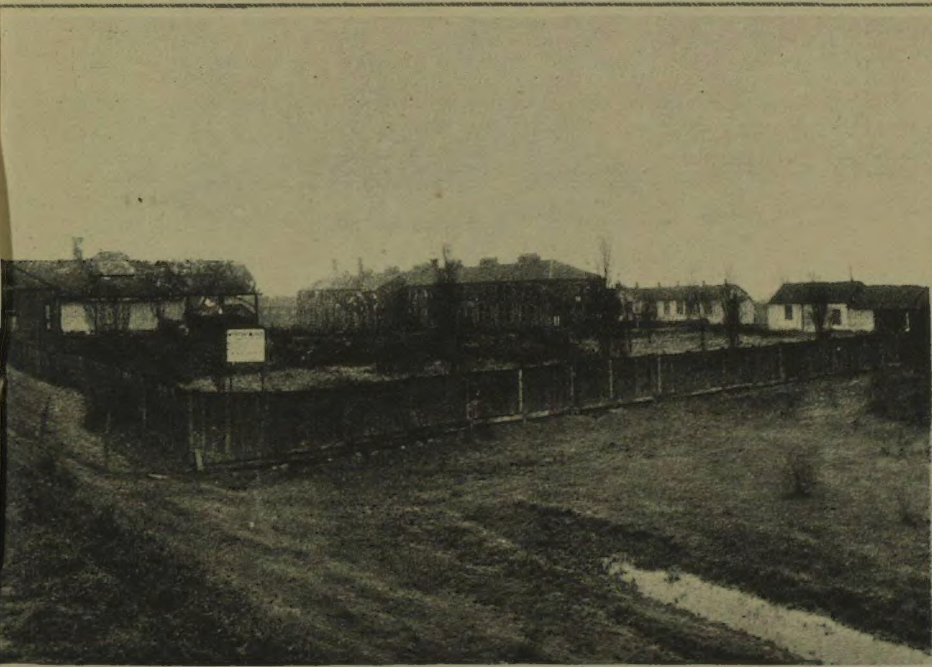
THE BRITISH BATTLE-SHIP IN WHICH THE SULTAN ESCAPED: H.M.S. "MALAYA" FIRING A SALUTE ON ARMISTICE DAY.



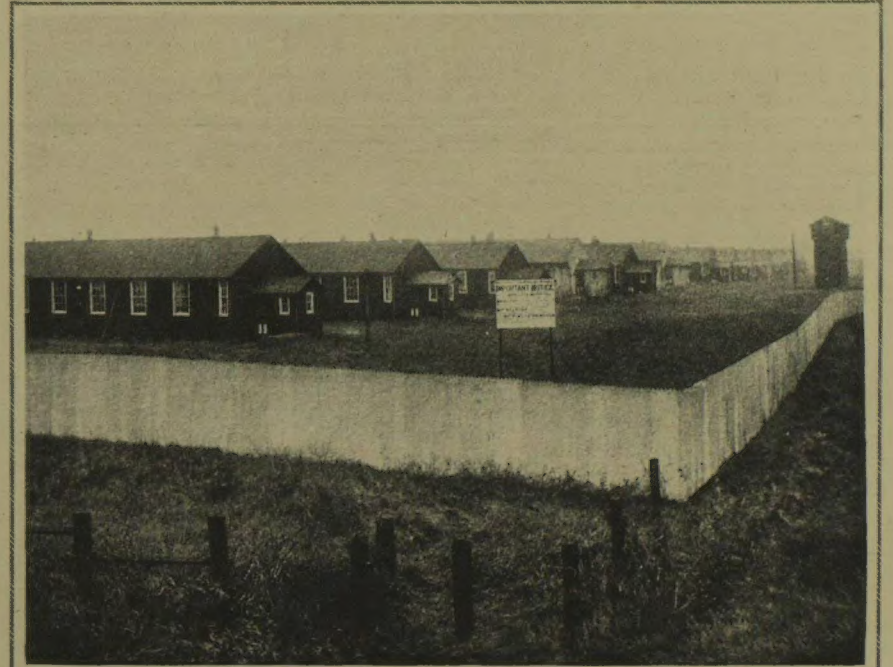
OCCUPIED BY THE BRITISH, ITALIAN, ROUMANIAN, AND SOME BULGARIAN DELEGATES: THE HOTEL BEAU RIVAGE, LAUSANNE.



WITH THE TRICOLOUR AND CRESCENT FLYING TOGETHER: THE LAUSANNE PALACE HOTEL, OCCUPIED BY THE FRENCH AND TURKISH DELEGATIONS.



RIVER APPROACH TO THE SMALLPOX HOSPITAL AT LONG REACH, DARTFORD, STAGE FOR PATIENTS.

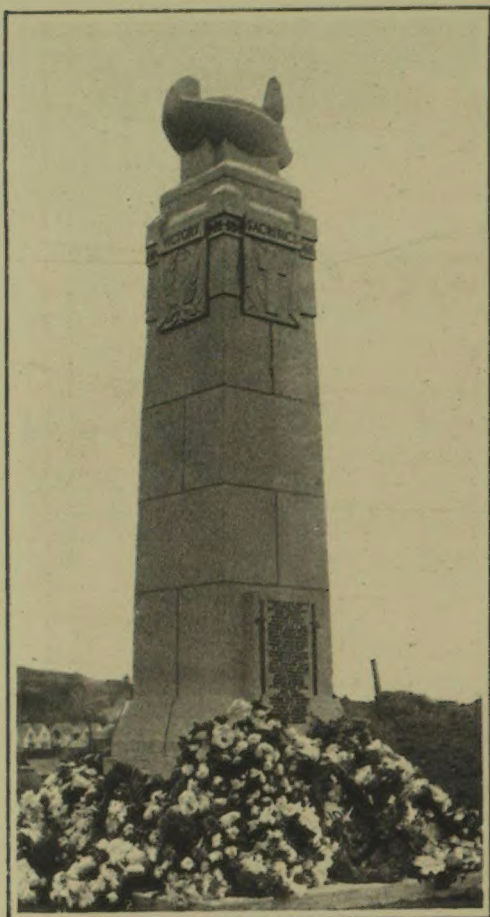


IN A LONELY RIVERSIDE SPOT AND ENCLOSED BY A CORRUGATED IRON FENCE: THE ISOLATION WARDS AT THE SMALLPOX HOSPITAL NEAR DARTFORD.

"Cardiff," with H.M.S. "Vortigern" alongside. Next to right in the background is H.M.S. "Revenge," and the next big ship is H.M.S. "Iron Duke." Just inshore of the latter are the French ships "Touareg" and "Hova." Then (in the foreground) comes the Italian flag-ship of Admiral Pepe, the "Vittorio Emmanuele." Behind her is the Spanish "Jaime I." On the extreme right is an unnamed steamer.—The Near East Conference at Lausanne was formally opened in the Casino, on November 20, but it was arranged to hold most of the actual sessions in the Hotel du Château at Ouchy, near Lausanne.—The above seismograph record of the Chilean earthquake was taken by Mr. S. Shaw at West Bromwich, Staffordshire. The tremor was so great as to ring a bell and shift a pointer of the machine. The period of greatest disturbance is indicated by the high zig-zag lines on the right.—Professor A. M. Low's photograph is a record of the great experimental explosion at Oldenbroek, in Holland. The sound took fifteen minutes to reach England.—The cases of smallpox that occurred in and near London recently were taken in river ambulance steamers to the Smallpox Hospital at Long Reach, Dartford, where 2090 beds are available. It was stated on November 20 that up to the 8th there were 64 cases admitted to hospital. Recently it was reported that the danger was abating.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: PICTORIAL RECORDS OF INTERESTING EVENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KNIGHT (BARNSTAPLE), L.N.A., BIEBER (HAMBURG), SPORT AND GENERAL, DIXON AND SON, AND MONGER AND MARCHANT (SUPPLIED BY C.N.).



A CORNISH WAR MEMORIAL: THE FINE COLUMN UNVEILED AT BUDE TO MEN OF THE TOWN WHO FELL IN THE GREAT WAR.



RUMOURED TO HAVE BEEN EXECUTED IN IRELAND: MR. ERSKINE CHILDERS.



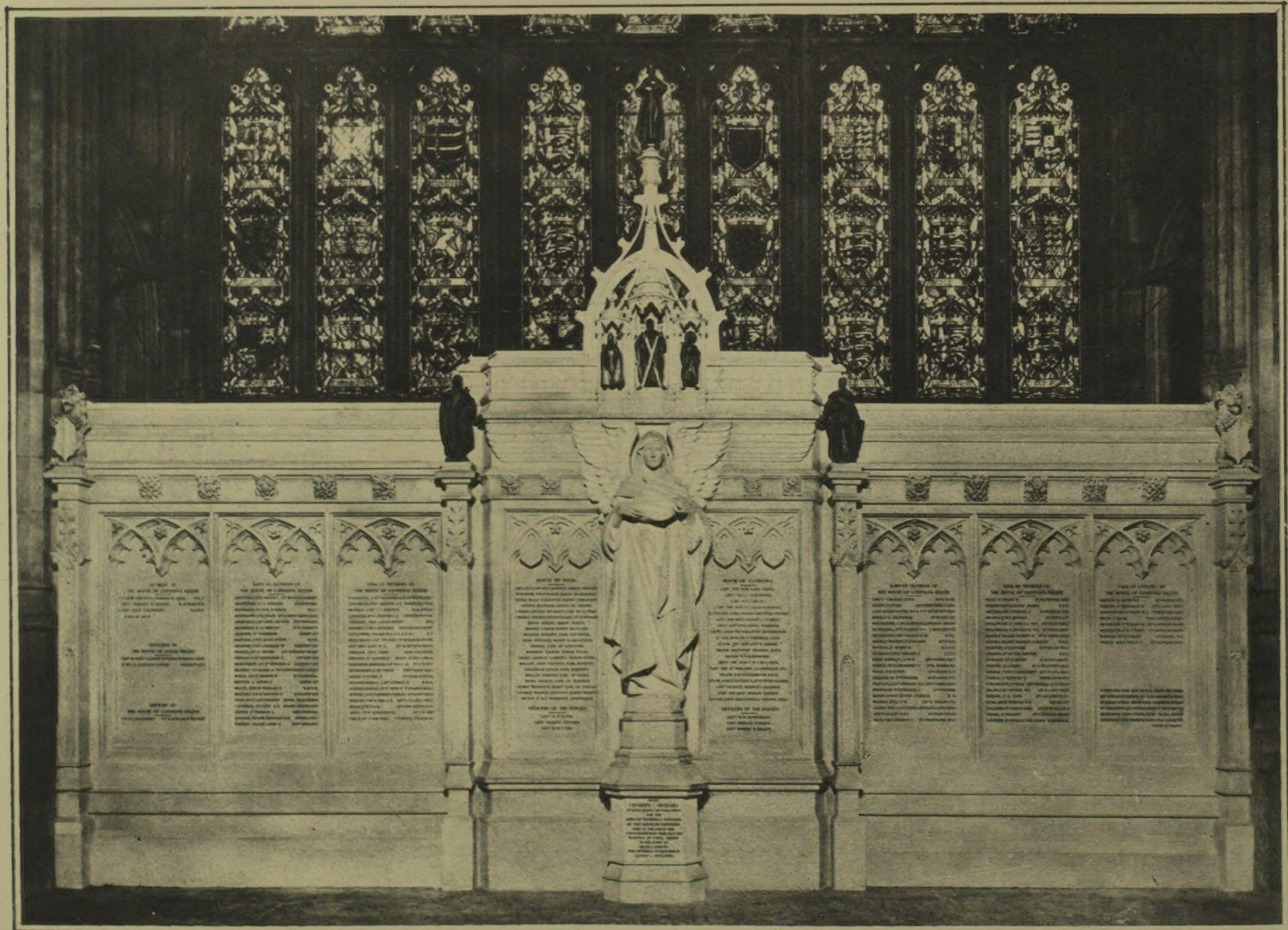
THE NEW GERMAN CHANCELLOR: DR. CUNO, PRESIDENT, HAMBURG-AMERIKA SHIPPING LINE.



HUNGER-STRIKING OUTSIDE MOUNTJOY PRISON IN SYMPATHY WITH HER SISTER WITHIN: MISS ANNIE McSWINEY (SECOND FROM RIGHT) NEXT TO MRS. DESPARD (EXTREME RIGHT).



THE 24TH DIVISION'S WAR MEMORIAL INTENDED FOR BATTERSEA PARK: THE MODEL DESIGNED BY CAPTAIN ERIC KENNINGTON.



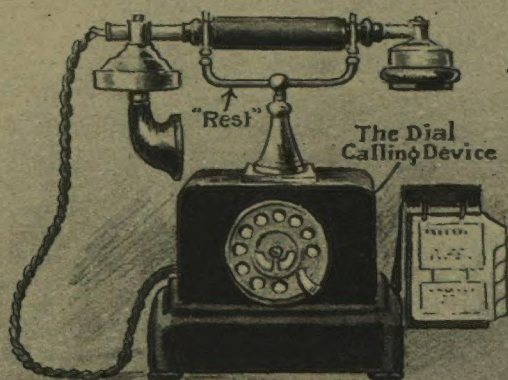
DEDICATED TO THOSE WHO "CONSUMMATED WITH THEIR LIVES THE TRADITION OF PUBLIC SERVICE": SIR BERTRAM MACKENNAL'S DESIGN FOR THE PARLIAMENTARY WAR MEMORIAL AT WESTMINSTER, WHICH THE PRINCE OF WALES ARRANGED TO UNVEIL.

Mr. Erskine Childers, an Englishman who took up the Irish Republican cause, was recently captured in Dublin by Irish National troops, and was tried and sentenced by a Military Court on a charge of having in his possession a Colt automatic pistol without proper authority. He refused to recognise the Provisional Government or the legality of the Court. His counsel then obtained a writ of Habeas Corpus from the Master of the Rolls, but it was uncertain whether this was effectual. It was rumoured on the 21st that he had been executed, and at the same time it was stated that no communication regarding his sentence or fate had been made public.—Dr. Cuno, President of the Hamburg-Amerika

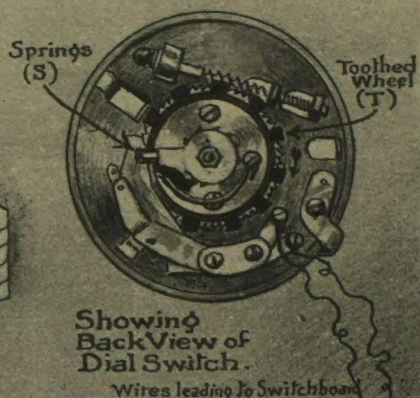
Shipping Line, was recently entrusted by President Ebert with the formation of a new German Government. It was said that he would, if successful, be the first German to leave a business office to become Chancellor.—Miss Annie McSwiney (sister of Miss Mary McSwiney, who recently went on hunger-strike to the gaol, as a protest against the authorities' refusal to let her visit her sister.—The Parliamentary War Memorial, at the St. Stephen's entrance to Westminster Hall, has in the centre the Recording Angel, at the top a gold figure of St. George, and underneath it those of St. Patrick, St. Andrew, and St. David.

MACHINES THAT ALMOST THINK: AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE EXCHANGES.

DRAWN BY W. D. ROBINSON, FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY MAJOR WHITE, OF THE "RELAY" AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE SYSTEM, MARCONI HOUSE.

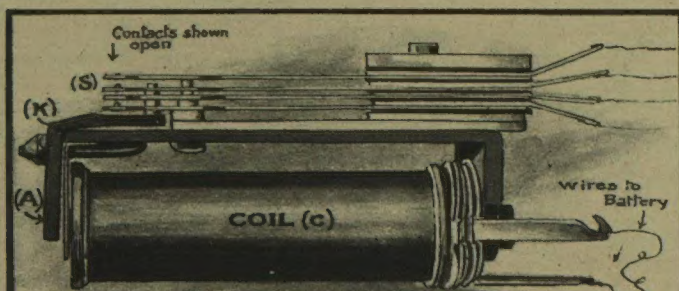


Subscriber's "Relay" Telephone. Table type with Hand Combination Telephone.



Showing Back View of Dial Switch.

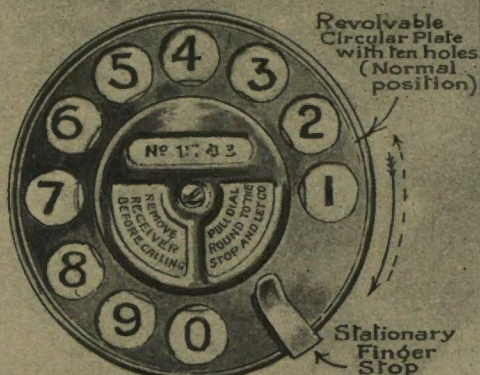
Wires leading to Switchboard



Showing a Relay with wires to Battery.

Current flows from the Battery (B) thus magnetising the Coil (C). The Armature (A) is now attracted, and being pivoted on the knife-edge (K), lifts the Springs (S) and so closes the Contacts which in turn operate other relays. In some instances the reverse takes place, contacts being opened by the working of the Armature.

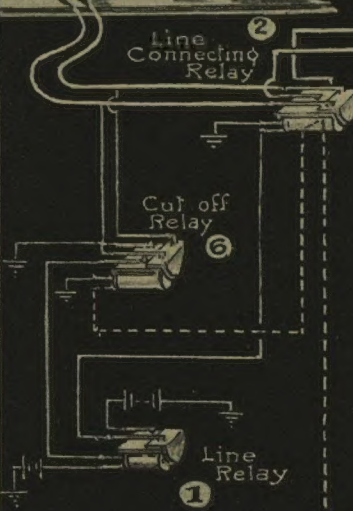
By using several such relays any combination of operations can be performed, thus making it possible to obtain the person required on the telephone.



Enlarged Front View of the Dial as shown on the Telephone in diagram at top.

TO CALL A NUMBER.

To call number "24", for example: the caller will first remove his receiver from its "rest", then insert his finger-tip in the hole through which "2" can be seen, and pull the circular plate round until his finger strikes the stationary stop. When the circular plate is returning to its normal position two of the teeth on the insulated toothed wheel, marked (T) in Diagram of Back of Dial, pass through the springs (S) and so break the contacts twice and send two impulses or flashes of current along the subscriber's lines into the Recorder on the Switchboard. A similar operation is performed for the second digit, except that in this case the finger-tip would be placed in the hole opposite "4". Should there be three or more digits to the wanted number, the operation would be again repeated in a similar manner as required. If the wanted number is "engaged" an intermittent buzzing sound is heard in the telephone.

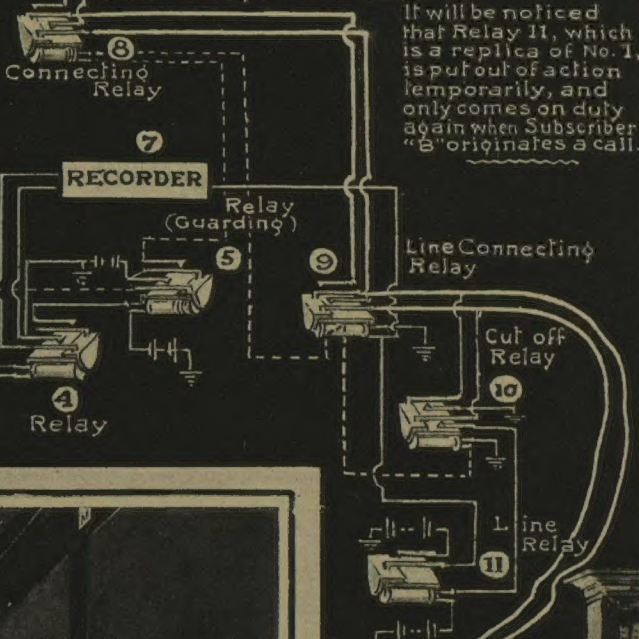


Showing how Relays are utilised to obtain Telephonic Connections without the aid of Operators.

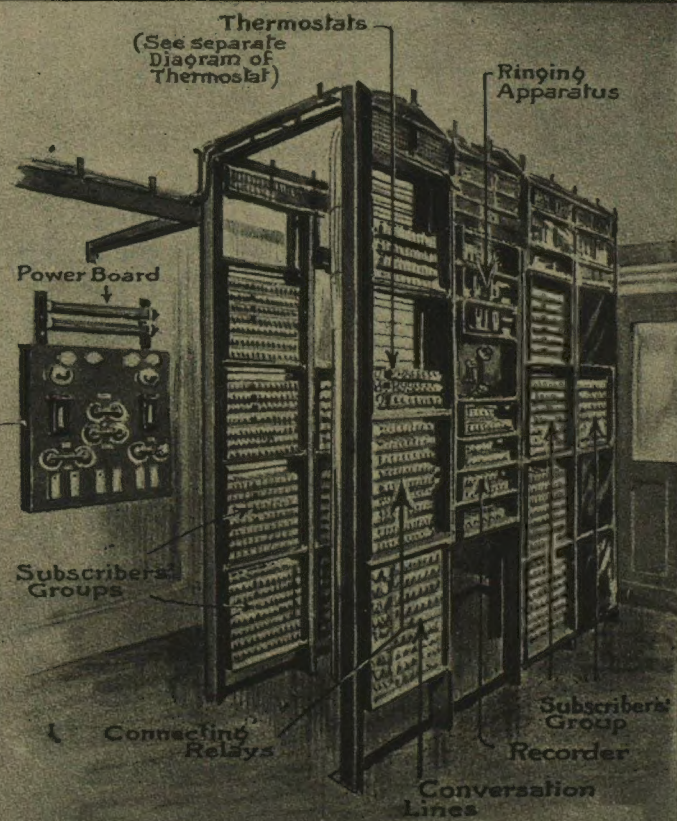
Conversation Lines
No I
No II
No III

Immediately a Caller lifts his Receiver from the Rest, Relay 1 flashes the signal through to Relay 2 that a Conversation Line is wanted, and Relay 2 chooses a vacant Conversation Line, for example No. III. Relay 4 now comes into action and puts Relay 5 on duty to "hold the line" with the help of Relays 2 and 6, whilst the Subscriber "A" is picking out his number on the Dial. (At the same time Relay 6, being operated, frees Relay 1 entirely.) The Subscriber "A" obtains his number by the method described elsewhere, and this action causes Relay 4 to pass impulses into the Relays in the Recorder marked 7. These Relays constitute the Automatic Brain of the Switchboard and pick out the Number wanted by operating Relay 9 which, with the help of Relays 8 and 10, connects the "B" Subscriber's Line through to the Caller "A".

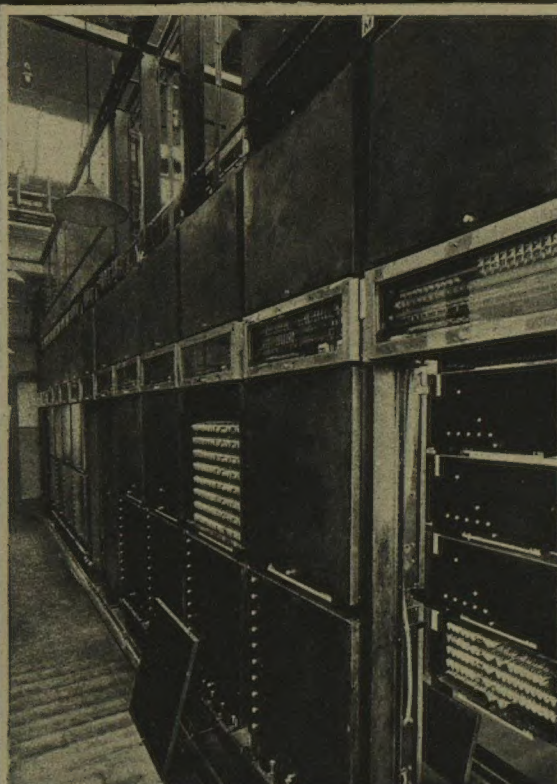
It will be noticed that Relay 11, which is a replica of No. 1, is put out of action temporarily, and only comes on duty again when Subscriber "B" originates a call.



THE "CALLED" (B) SUBSCRIBER.



The Marconi House Relay Switchboard, with ultimate capacity of 240 Lines. (All covers removed except three.)



Part of the Relay Automatic Switchboard supplied to the British Post Office for the Fleetwood Public Exchange. A 1000-line Manual System demands the services of 15 or more operators, whereas, for the Automatic board shown, none is needed.

The Thermostat.
If a Receiver is left off without dialling the number required, or after the finish of a conversation, this device causes a Red Warning Lamp to be lit. This result is obtained by current flowing through the coil and warming up the strip which is made of two different metals. The expansion of the metals causes the strip to bend and so breaks the contact which cuts off the Subscriber and releases the Conversation Line for other callers.

W. D. Robinson

ELIMINATING THE HUMAN FACTOR FROM TELEPHONE EXCHANGES: A RAPID MECHANICAL SYSTEM THAT SAVES LABOUR AND MISTAKES—DIAGRAMS; AND A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FLEETWOOD RELAY AUTOMATIC SWITCHBOARD.

We illustrate here a remarkable development in automatic telephony, on the "Relay" system, which is peculiarly adapted to the needs of public offices and large business houses which have their own exchanges connecting the various departments. Relay exchanges are mechanical and automatic, and among the advantages claimed for them are "the elimination of human operators, prevention of wrong numbers, instant dis-connection from any one number, and immediate re-connection to any other required. . . . The Post Office is prepared

to replace private branch exchanges with a Relay private automatic exchange." The Admiralty and the India Office use the system at various centres, and it is also installed at Australia House and in many large commercial institutions. From the above diagrams and explanations it will be seen that, while the mechanism itself is intricate, the method of working it is extremely simple for the user. The relays perform all the operations of selection, connection, ringing, and disconnection.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]

THE GENIUS OF SIDNEY H. SIME.

By MAJOR HALDANE MACFALL, Author of a "History of Painting," etc.

IN the long years to come, when Time writes the verdict of her cleansing judgment upon the noisy world as we know it to-day, there will emerge and show steadfast amongst the outstanding genius of our age the reputation and rare achievement of Sidney H. Sime.

He will hate my saying this, but the truth must be faced. Let us make no mistake about it. Our age will be judged and weighed by the supreme genius that it gave to the years, not by the clamant claims of the poetasters or the self-advertisement of assertive mediocrities. Popularity in Putney will not endure. And in that august company of them that will prevail is written on its roll-call, without fear of cancelling or mitigation, the name of Sime. Yet, with that fantastic dulness that dogs the public estimate of such as live and create our art and literature, whilst we wake and sleep our little day, no name is probably so little known at its real value to Fleet Street as this man's name.

It figures in no honoured list of the members elected by artists to their academies and various societies—at least, I know of none. The Tate is innocent of him. The critics pass his name by—some would even be hard put to it to spell it correctly. But take a steady glance at the art that Sime has wrought, and it soon becomes clear that the rich treasure of his rare mastery will stand out when the commonplace and noisy mediocrity of the manifold "stunts" that vex the Press to-day is reverently buried and wholly forgotten. Walk through the haunted rooms of the Royal Academy on one of these grey days, and, as the pallid ghosts arise and walk, keep the achievement of Sime in mind wherewith to test their significance. Frank Bramley alone stands sure. As for the rest, there is not one brain of all these that sleep that could compare with the brain of this man; not one poet of them all gifted with such poetic lyricism as that of Sidney Sime. Honours have fallen thick of late upon artists most of whom may outlive the passing reputation that they hold. How then are we to judge as to what names will live? By one test only: Did they create a living art? Are we the richer in that they were granted to us?

Sime is one of the most exquisite, as he is one of the most original, poets of our time. I know no man's letters written with such uncalculated mastery over literary expression. Sime creates literature as a bird sings—I sometimes wonder whether he ever knows that he is creating it—he flings you off a prose poem, in a letter for the burning, which the crowd of poetasters, agonising to be "original," would burst a bloodvessel to bring forth and set forthwith on Japanese vellum in a limited edition. . . . And as with words, so with the drawn or painted design. It was a grievous loss to art that, in the Great War, fire destroyed, amongst other treasure belonging to Captain Desmond Coke, the marvellous rendering of the stillness of a moonlight night in "The Statue in the Grass." It would be difficult to find any work by mortal hands that could surpass this painting in uttering the very essence of moonlight—not only in giving utterance to the exquisite sapphire of the night, but in giving forth the added haunting sense as of a sigh that pervades and flits through the moonlit hours. One has to go to Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" to find anything to approach it. Lord Howard de Walden has—or had—another painting of a moonlight night, with nightingale

singing to the night, but unfortunately it is unseen by and unknown to the public.

Who that has seen it can forget the mood of the sea in "The Sea Song," with its beautifully placed figure of the harpy, as the bewitching woman with

the eagle's body lures the trireme on the heaving waters—or the three sombre figures with the ladder under the tree, where hangs the figure in chains swinging and creaking in the storm, of "The Hand of Glory"—or the haunting loneliness of that solitary figure in the vast snows of "Winter"—or the charming design of Cupid painting "The Beauty Spot" on the smooth cheek of the crinolined belle—or the exquisite design of "The Legend," in which the soul of the youth and the maid meet in the twilight of the tomb—or the uncanny pity of "The Kidnappers"—or the grim "Cabman of Harley Street"? Has the distraught misery of troubled sleep ever been more marvellously rendered than by that rest-

less figure that tosses uneasily on the elaborate bed in "The Incubus"? What could surpass the fantastic design of "The Squook," in its exquisite rendering of a sea-beach, its pebbliness, its luminosity, the very fragrance of the sea?

And of all Sime's drawings of the heaven and hell of man's imagining, what a masterpiece is that

kicked a pot of geraniums into the void of the vasty night, through the blackness of which it hurtles and whirls helplessly amid the stars down the abyss of eternity! Our pity is for the flower-pot—not for Tomlinson. Akin to this, one recalls one of those

wonderful pictured realisations of the imagination of Sime which makes Lord Dunsany's books so keenly sought after by the collectors—the drawing called "It"—in which a great veiled figure, star-crowned, sits before a mighty book, an awed grey-beard at his feet, the moon swinging and glowing in the leagues of ether beyond the edge of the world, whilst in the evening three outstretched flamingoes wing their flight to the south. . . .

Of Sime's beginnings I know little except that he never had any training for art; and the only reason he has ever given me for practising it was: "I took to it because I did not like work. . . ." Sime emerged into the art world much about the same time as

Beardsley, and was soon one of a group of remarkable artists—amongst others he wrought masterpiece after masterpiece alongside the exquisite line drawings and decorations of Edgar Wilson, who died without the recognition that was his due. But Sime stood head and shoulders above them all—in poetic power, in vision, in range, and in that consummate eloquence of craftsmanship whereby the mood evoked is most fittingly uttered. He never fell into a trick of thumb.

Mr. Pennell has lately written in ecstatic exultation over the drawing of an Oriental bowl and vase by Whistler—incidentally therein confessing the limitations of Mr. Pennell and of Mr. Whistler—but if he were to set a fine Sime beside the latest idol of his worship, words would fail him, and he would be driven dumb, or have to burst into the sobbing of cosmopolitan English sobs. Whilst Beardsley, like Whistler, became the master of an exquisite craftsmanship, their range of emotional utterance and their vision of life were in both men markedly limited—they were the perfect "little masters." Sime ranges free and unfettered and wide—his flight is limitless. He leaps into the immensities and is reckless of the eternities—indeed, more than once he has been indiscreet enough to be familiar with the vastnesses, and has even chucked them under the chin—nay, dug them in the ribs and joined them in witty railery of the fantastic limitations of the quaint pomposity that is called the Human. And if he shall have milked the unicorn, and climbed amidst the stars, and trampled on the graves of emperors, why not? What, in the name of wonder, would be the value of Youth if not? And Sime is eternally young with the reckless inquisition of youth. He has plucked the beards of the mighty ever since he and I burst together, with reckless carelessness and effrontery, upon an indifferent world some quarter of a century gone by; and when—as Sime would put it, waiting for the wind that blows between the worlds to hurry us like autumn leaves into the circumambient ether out of which we hatched some half-century ago—I get my call, I hope I may face the august effulgence with the robust and witty soul of Sidney Sime by my side, rather than have to trudge it demurely with the little masters and the limited editions whose calculated pedantries and vast self-esteem will crowd them together towards the throng that moves to a more decorous judgment in company with Mr. Tomlinson.



A TIDAL WAVE OF FANTASTIC IMAGINATION: "ON DESPERATE SEAS"—A CHARACTERISTIC DRAWING BY S. H. SIME.



A GREAT HUMOURIST'S IMPRESSION OF A GREAT ARTIST: AN OLD CARICATURE OF S. H. SIME BY MAX BEERBOHM.



TYPICAL OF "SIME'S DRAWINGS OF THE HEAVEN AND HELL OF MAN'S IMAGININGS": AN ILLUSTRATION FOR THE APOCALYPSE—"JOHN IN PATMOS."

figure of the mean soul of Tomlinson, which the angel has dragged by the hair of his head to the bar of Heaven, where Peter, in his irritated contempt at the sight of the miserable, weak-kneed man, has

"THE UNIMAGINABLE TOUCH" OF SIME: A MASTER OF FANTASY.

FROM THE DRAWING BY S. H. SIME.



A FINE EXAMPLE OF A GREAT IMAGINATIVE ARTIST POSSESSING "CONSUMMATE ELOQUENCE OF CRAFTSMANSHIP":
"THE FOREST OF SHADOW VALLEY," BY S. H. SIME.

Although it may be true that the genius of Sime has been overlooked by the academic world of art, as Mr. Haldane Macfall suggests in the enthusiastic eulogy of his friend which we print on the opposite page, this paper at least can claim to have done its part towards establishing his fame. Our readers have had frequent opportunities before now to appreciate the quality of Mr. Sime's masterly

draughtsmanship and the strange fantasies of his imagination. We may recall, too, that it was in the pages of our house-mate, the "Sketch," that many of his famous drawings appeared, including his remarkable illustrations to Lord Dunsany's weird stories, a collaboration which greatly increased the reputation both of artist and writer.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

"**LORD NORTHCLIFFE: A MEMOIR**," by Max Pemberton (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.), is just the kind of book that Jonathan, had he been the survivor, might have written about David. It is a comrade's affectionate and sympathetic portrait of a comrade, and will be a revelation to those who may have thought that Alfred Harmsworth was a mere journalistic juggernaut, a rather inhuman force and nothing more.

For more than one reason, I was very eager to see the book; but before reading a line, I jotted down a few personal memories of the earlier Alfred Harmsworth, just to see how they would agree with Mr. Pemberton's estimate of his friend. Then I read the Memoir, and found that Mr. Pemberton, in a lifelong intimacy, and I, in a fleeting acquaintance, had both seen the same man.

That man was something far finer and better than the popular legend which represented him as a stern tyrant, a ruthless sacker of men, if not of cities. Certain less-known aspects of his character are difficult to reconcile with much of his journalistic policy, and it is with those aspects that the Memoir is chiefly concerned. At the risk of cheating Mr. Pemberton out of space lawfully due to his book, I am tempted to give here a few extracts from my own independent notes, because they corroborate so entirely the biographer's view of Harmsworth the man and the employer. They illustrate not only his genius for friendship, but also his kindly consideration for even the most unlikely of his young men. *Experto crede.*

I met Alfred Harmsworth in the summer of 1894, when he was in the first flush of success and beginning to reach out towards his larger enterprises. I had come to the Street of Adventure to take up a promised post, only to find—such are the changes and chances of Press life—that another man had been appointed. Having burnt my boats on the Isis (i.e., given up reading Greats) for this chimæra, I had to look elsewhere, and a friend gave me an introduction to Harmsworth, of whom, in my stark ignorance, I had never heard. Nor had I even heard of *Answers*. Another friend warned me that I could be of little use to Mr. Harmsworth, but advised me at least to call on this extraordinary young man. It might be a chance. So I went.

Harmsworth was kindness itself. But he told me frankly, after a short talk, that he had "sized me up" and that a smart Board School boy would be more to his purpose. He explained that in his office journalism was a business that had to be learnt as a business, like grocery, and that my ideas and training had nothing in common with his present undertakings. Still, he did not mean to stop there; he had wider schemes in view; and if I cared to make the experiment he would offer me a post. He gave me a brilliantly acute character-sketch of the man I would work under, and bade me, before deciding, study for five minutes an advance copy of a paper he was just about to issue. With engaging humour he hinted that the sheet would not attract me. I can still see the merry twinkle in his eye as he said that. Not the paper, but the man, with his potentialities, his joyous and genial youth and sudden camaraderie, captured me.

I believe we amused each other. He certainly amused me, when he seemed to make the conventional business-man's hesitation over the very modest salary I asked. But in reality, I found, he only wished to satisfy himself that I could get along on that sum. We settled it at that, but he relaxed in my favour the stringent office rule that the staff must not contribute to outside papers. Then, with some practical hints, he sent me to my job, but he made no secret of his misgivings.

At the end of six weeks I went over to "Mr. Alfred," as the staff called him in those days, and confessed that it was useless to stay longer. "Ah, what did I tell you?" he said, again with that kindly, half-mischievous twinkle. "Well, I believe you're right. But now"—he turned sharply round in his chair—"what are you to do? Can you see your way to make bread-and-butter as a free-lance? You think you can? All right, then—but you'll need to

roll up your sleeves and work, or, man"—he assumed the playful Bogey Man—"you'll be in the Bankruptcy Court!" Laughing, we shook hands, but just at the last he turned again to say: "It's a tough struggle, and if ever a ten-pound note would be useful, remember it's here for you." Luckily for my Scottish pride, there was never any occasion to remind him of that offer, but I felt his kindness none the less. In that act one saw the real Alfred Harmsworth.

Lord Northcliffe I never knew. Our paths diverged, but "Mr. Alfred" remained a pleasant and



A DELIGHTFULLY SEASONABLE COLOUR-PLATE PRESENTED WITH OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER:
"THE CHRISTMAS COACH," BY CECIL ALDIN—A MINIATURE REPRODUCTION.

friendly memory. I see him still, exquisitely turned-out, gracious and debonair, in his little room in Tudor Street, the cradle of Carmelitism to be. I could describe that sanctum in minute detail. There he

tration, a thing elect and apart, fashioned to please only himself, with no thought of the great public. He named the prospective Editor. That magazine remained a dream. . . . My notes of Harmsworth's *obiter dicta* do not end here. Some of them would make sensational reading to-day, but there are limits to indiscretion, and it is high time to turn to the Memoir.

This romance of "the Robespierre of the old journalism" loses nothing that it is written by a novelist. The opening might be that of a great boy's story, which indeed it is. Mr. Pemberton describes with admirable skill how he, a schoolboy, met by chance the fourteen-year-old Alfred Harmsworth in the summer of 1879 at the corner of Marlborough Place and Hamilton Terrace in St. John's Wood. The boys were strangers to each other, but a common interest in bicycling drew them together, and they struck up an immediate acquaintance which rushed into enduring friendship. At once Mr. Pemberton recognised the "unusual virility" of "this well-built and unusually handsome boy."

But he compelled notice by something more than mere externals. "The same masterful personality," says Mr. Pemberton, "which in the year 1915-16 braved the contumely of the nation, could at the age of fourteen influence all other boys who came in contact with him; share their views, and, in a sense, command their obedience. . . . We felt that he was born to be a leader."

The two friends were inseparable until Pemberton went to Cambridge. They were happily reunited later when Harmsworth "was caught up in the mesh of the journalistic net and landed surely upon the shores of his destiny." Mr. Pemberton also looked to his pen for a livelihood, and together the friends went free-lancing, experiencing every turn in the whirligig of that mad-merry-melancholy-cruel-kindly gamble men call journalism, where you are up to-day and down to-morrow, and, with luck, up again the day after.

In 1885, Sir William Ingram gave Alfred Harmsworth his first editorial appointment, and put him in charge of *Youth*, a boy's paper issued by *The Illustrated London News*. Mr. Pemberton gives a lively narrative of Harmsworth's and his own early journalistic adventures, which culminated in a visit to George Newnes at *Tit-Bits* office. Harmsworth grasped the reason of Newnes's colossal success, and determined to rival it on similar lines. Hence that initial fortune which made all the rest of Harmsworth's career possible. It was remarked in a history of the Press that "the most efficient modern journalist must retain a great deal of the enthusiasm and the curiosity of the eager schoolboy." That passage perhaps explains Alfred Harmsworth's peculiar success in the journalism of the *Tit-bit* and his application of that method, for better or worse, to the daily paper.

Problems of journalism and of journalistic ethics, however, form no part of this Memoir. It contains an interesting chapter, "Lord Northcliffe in his Office," but that is by another hand, for Mr. Pemberton's association with Alfred Harmsworth in later years was personal rather than business. His aim has been to show his friend as he knew him. He sketches a man who never lost the enthusiasm and curiosity of the eager schoolboy, and that is what makes the portrait so singularly attractive. He does justice, also, to the development of the dynamic personality he divined at that first meeting in St. John's Wood. Over Mr. Pemberton, Harmsworth cast a spell that was never broken. When even a comparative stranger could feel that magnetic power, small wonder that an intimate friend, the constant sharer of work and play and adventure, should draw so gracious a portrait. With later unhappy controversies Mr. Pemberton had little to do. No jarring note disturbs his tribute to "a great and beloved friend." It is well that the world should have this sincere and loyal Memoir. Alfred Harmsworth was certainly all that he is here shown to be. And yet—possessing these wonderful qualities—did he fulfil his real destiny? Will his work, as the men of science say, come out true?

COLOURED PLATE BY CECIL ALDIN—COMPLETE NOVEL BY SAX ROHMER.
The Illustrated London News



Christmas Number 1922

PRICE 2/-

THE COLOUR COVER OF OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER:
"MISS ANN SHURLOCK," BY ANN RUSSELL.

The Christmas Number of "The Illustrated London News," to be published on November 27, is richer than ever in Christmas fare both pictorial and literary. It contains numerous pictures in colours by well-known artists, including Edmund Dulac, George Barbier, Léo Fontan, E. J. Detmold, Maxfield Parrish, and Kay Nielsen, besides the large presentation colour-plate by Cecil Aldin, reproduced above in miniature. Another great attraction is a complete novel by Sax Rohmer, called "The Black Mandarin," one of the most exciting ever written by that master of thrills.

talked, with a frankness that astonished me, of his dreams and schemes. One day he outlined his idea of the daily paper he hoped to found. On the leading article, his ideas were revolutionary. That and other projected features of the paper are now visible every morning to the million. But his dearest dream, he said, was a magazine *de luxe*, at a guinea a copy, perfect in format, fastidious in literature and illus-

FROM 1422 TO 1922: LINCOLN'S INN—NOTABLE BUILDINGS AND BENCHERS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, SWAINE, ELLIOTT AND FRY, BERESFORD, RUSSELL, AND BASSANO.



FORMERLY NEAR A "CONEY GARTH": THE GARDEN FROM THE TERRACE OF THE NEW HALL—STONE BUILDINGS BEYOND.



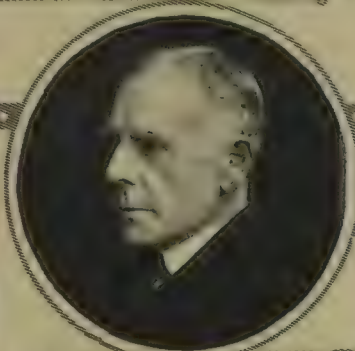
OPENED BY QUEEN VICTORIA AND THE PRINCE CONSORT IN 1845: THE NEW HALL OF LINCOLN'S INN.



AN EX-SECRETARY FOR INDIA: LORD MORLEY (A BENCHER SINCE 1891).



THE TREASURER OF LINCOLN'S INN: LORD JUSTICE WARRINGTON.



MASTER OF THE LIBRARY: JUDGE STANGER, RETIRED FROM THE BRISTOL CIRCUIT.



MASTER OF THE WALKS OF LINCOLN'S INN: SIR JOHN BUTCHER, M.P.



AN EX-LORD CHANCELLOR: VISCOUNT HALDANE (A SENIOR BENCHER).



DEAN OF THE CHAPEL OF LINCOLN'S INN: THE HON. MR. JUSTICE EVE.

A SENIOR BENCHER OF LINCOLN'S INN: LORD MUIR-MACKENZIE.



A FAMOUS ARBITRATOR: LORD ASKWITH (A SENIOR BENCHER).



A SENIOR BENCHER OF LINCOLN'S INN: LORD WRENBURY.



AN EX-SOLICITOR-GENERAL: SIR E. CLARKE (A SENIOR BENCHER).



SHOWING THE OLD VINE AND FIG TREE: NOS. 12 AND 13, NEW SQUARE, LINCOLN'S INN DATING FROM 1535.



THE OLDEST BUILDING OF LINCOLN'S INN, FORMERLY THE CENTRE OF ITS SOCIAL LIFE: THE OLD HALL, DATING FROM 1499.

In connection with the five-hundredth anniversary of Lincoln's Inn, also illustrated on other pages in this number, we give above portraits of four high officials of the Society, and of seven of the eight Senior Benchers who have been passed through the chair—that is, held the position of Chairman. The eighth, of whom we have been unable to obtain a photograph, is the Rt. Hon. Sir Matthew Ingle Joyce, an ex-Judge of the Chancery Division. In "Short Notes on Lincoln's Inn," Mr. J. Douglas Walker writes: "The old Hall, which in 1489 replaced the Bishop's Hall . . . was the centre of the social life of the Inn. . . . The houses called

Old Buildings, extending from the South Side of the old Gate House to the corner of New Square (shown above in the left-hand lower photograph), are the surviving examples of the general rebuilding which began in 1524 and continued to about 1613." Before 1506 there was a "coney garth," or rabbit warren, on the west, which "became an inducement to poaching by the young gentlemen of the Inn." In 1775, Stone Buildings were begun on the garden site. The Records of the Society, known as the "Black Books," begin in 1422, and have been kept for five hundred years with great regularity and minuteness.

FIVE HUNDRED YEARS OF THE "HOSPITIUM DE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

LINCOLN'S INN": A HAUNT OF ANCIENT LAW.

SPORT AND GENERAL.



WHERE CHARLES II. WITNESSED A MASQUE IN 1662: THE OLD HALL OF LINCOLN'S INN, BUILT IN 1489, WITH ITS REMARKABLE SCREEN.



SHOWING THE FIRST REAL FRESCO ON ANY PUBLIC WALL IN ENGLAND—WATTS' "JUSTICE, THE HEMICYCLE OF LAW GIVERS": THE NEW HALL OF LINCOLN'S INN.



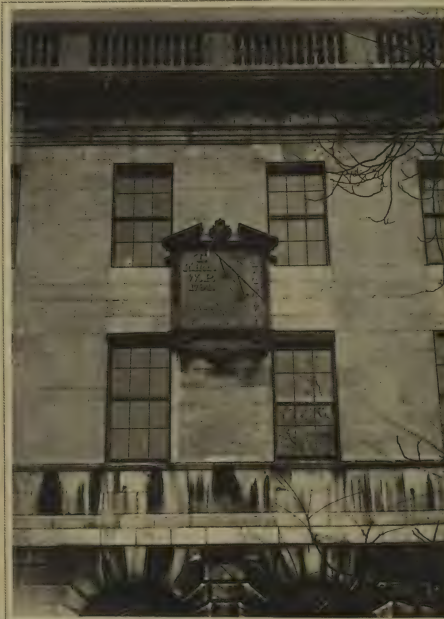
WITH A STATUE OF LORD CHANCELLOR ERSKINE IN THE CENTRE: THE LIBRARY OF LINCOLN'S INN AND ITS TREASURES OF LAW LITERATURE.



"THE RAISING THIS CHAPEL ON PILLARS AFFORDS A PLEASING MELANCHOLY WALK UNDERNEATH": THE CLOISTER OF LINCOLN'S INN CHAPEL, BUILT BY INIGO JONES.



BUILT IN 1518 AND ONE OF ONLY FOUR OF ITS KIND IN LONDON: THE OLD GATE HOUSE OF LINCOLN'S INN LEADING INTO CHANCERY LANE—THE INNER SIDE.



PUT UP BY WILLIAM PITT WHEN TREASURER OF LINCOLN'S INN IN 1794: A SUN-DIAL ON THE WALL OF STONE BUILDINGS FRONTING THE GARDENS.



WITH FEWS DATING FROM 1622 MADE BY "PRICE THE JOYNER": THE CHAPEL OF LINCOLN'S INN—THE PULPIT, AND ONE OF THE OLD WINDOWS.



COMPOSED OF THE COATS-OF-ARMS OF EACH TREASURER OF THE SOCIETY FROM 1620 TO THE PRESENT TIME: THE EAST WINDOW OF LINCOLN'S INN CHAPEL.

The story of Lincoln's Inn is told in outline, by Mr. J. Douglas Walker, in a pamphlet now of special interest in connection with the Quincentenary of the Inn, which, as mentioned on a previous page, is shortly to be celebrated. "The Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn," he writes, "have their origin in a group of lawyers who between 1286 and 1310 were brought by H. de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, to settle near his Manor House in Holborn. . . . By the year 1422 a majority . . . are found occupying, as tenants to the Bishop, the Palace of the Bishops of Chichester in Chancellor's or Chancery Lane. . . . The "Hospitium de Lincoln's Inn," as the heading of the first Black Book (of records) of 1422 calls the Palace, has remained ever since in the possession of the Society. . . . The oldest building of Lincoln's Inn is the Old Hall, which in 1489 replaced the Bishop's Hall. In it took place the eating, teaching, and recreation meetings of the Society, and the solemn dances by members of the Inn at great feasts. . . . In the last two centuries it has served as a Chapel and a Law Court,

and is now used as a Lecture Room. . . . The Gate House, opening into Chancery Lane, was begun in 1517-18 and finished in 1520-1. . . . There are but three other such Gate Houses left in London (at St. James's Palace, Lambeth Palace, and St. John's, Clerkenwell). . . . The Chapel, begun in 1620 and finished in 1623, was designed and built by Inigo Jones. . . . Stow's Survey of London (Ed. 1755) says: "The raising this Chapel on Pillars affords a pleasing melancholy walk underneath." The New Hall was opened by Queen Victoria in 1845. At the upper end is a great fresco (45 ft. wide by 40 ft. high) painted by G. F. Watts between 1852 and 1859, "the first real fresco on any public wall in England." Unhappily the surface is decaying, and Watts deplored that "my best chance of going down worthily to posterity will be lost." To preserve a record of it, a copy on a smaller scale has been painted, by Mr. Niels M. Lund, to hang in the Bar Library at the Law Courts. Several figures in the fresco are portraits of famous contemporaries of the painter.

THE QUINCENTENARY OF LINCOLN'S INN: RELICS AND LIVING OFFICIALS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL.



THE CHIEF BUTLER OF LINCOLN'S INN:
MR. F. ROMAIN.



PRESENTED TO THE SOCIETY IN 1549: AN OLD CHEST "FOR THE
SAFE CUSTODY OF . . . BOOKS OF ACCOMPT."



THE CHIEF PORTER OF LINCOLN'S INN:
MR. BROCK.



UNDER-TREASURER AND STEWARD OF
LINCOLN'S INN: MR. R. P. P. ROWE.



BUILT IN 1697: THE SOUTH GATE OF LINCOLN'S INN, LEADING
INTO CAREY STREET—SEEN FROM INSIDE.



LIBRARIAN TO THE SOCIETY OF LINCOLN'S
INN: MR. H. I. WHITAKER.



HEAD OF THE KITCHEN DEPARTMENT
OF LINCOLN'S INN: MR. POYLE.



A RELIC OF FORMER DAYS: AN OLD PUMP IN THE GARDENS
OF LINCOLN'S INN.



THE UNDER-PORTER OF LINCOLN'S INN:
MR. WARD.

This year the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn commemorates the five-hundredth anniversary of its occupation of the present site on which the buildings stand, between Chancery Lane and Lincoln's Inn Fields. In honour of the event, a commemoration service is to be held in the Chapel of the Inn at 4.15 p.m. on Tuesday, November 28. Their Majesties the King and Queen have expressed their intention to be present, and the Archbishop of Canterbury is to deliver a short address. The occasion will also be celebrated by a banquet in the Hall of Lin-

coln's Inn at 8 p.m. on Tuesday, December 5. Our illustrations on this and the preceding pages show the fine old buildings and some interesting relics of the past, together with portraits of present officials of the Society. The ancient chest of which a photograph appears on this page was presented to the Society in 1549 (that is, 373 years ago) by Henry Heydon, Esq., then Treasurer, for the "safe custody of the purchase of this House and all other books of accompt concerning the same." It stands in the corridor between the Hall and the Library.

LINCOLN'S INN 500 YEARS AGO—WHEN HOLBORN WAS A COUNTRY ROAD.

A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING BY A. FORESTIER, BASED ON A PLAN IN THE LINCOLN'S INN BLACK BOOKS, EARLY MAPS, AND RECORDS IN STOW'S "SURVEY OF LONDON," LOFTIE'S "HISTORY OF LONDON," ETC.



INCLUDING A "CONEY GARTH" WHICH BECAME "AN INDUCEMENT TO POACHING BY THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN":
LINCOLN'S INN AS IT WAS IN THE 15TH CENTURY—A TENTATIVE RECONSTRUCTION (WITH KEY-PLAN INSET).

What did Lincoln's Inn, now keeping its Quincentenary, look like in 1422, when the Society took the Bishop of Chichester's Palace in Chancery Lane? The above reconstruction drawing offers a tentative answer. Describing the ancient site in his "Short Notes on Lincoln's Inn," Mr. J. Douglas Walker says: "It was separated from Chancery Lane by a ditch and a mud wall; at one point a gate, near the present old Gate House, gave access to the Lane. . . . The west side was pierced in the north end by an opening into the space now known as Lincoln's

Inn-Fields. . . . A postern gate gave access to Fickett's Fields, now in part New Square. . . . The northern part of the Bishop's property . . . was taken up on the Chancery Lane side by a garden, and on the western side by a coney garth. When the Society came into residence the rabbits formed part of the weekly fare, and became an inducement to poaching by the young gentlemen of the Inn. But from 1506 the garth and garden supplied clay for bricks and elms for rebuilding, and the rabbits disappeared."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

TWO RIVAL CALIPHS: THE ESCAPED SULTAN, AND ANGORA'S ELECT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ST. JAMES'S PRESS AGENCY AND G.P.U.



SINCE ESCAPED FROM CONSTANTINOPLE UNDER BRITISH PROTECTION, WHICH HE REQUESTED AS CALIPH, AND TAKEN TO MALTA IN THE BATTLE-SHIP "MALAYA": SULTAN MAHOMED VI. DRIVING TO HIS LAST SELAMLIK CEREMONY.



DAUGHTER OF ABDUL MEDJID, ELECTED CALIPH BY THE ASSEMBLY AT ANGORA: THE LITTLE PRINCESS IN A VINE AVENUE IN THE PALACE GARDENS.



ELECTED CALIPH BY THE ASSEMBLY AT ANGORA: ABDUL MEDJID EFFENDI, HEIR-PRESUMPTIVE TO THE THRONE OF TURKEY, WITH HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER.

On Friday, November 17, at about 8 a.m., Sultan Mahomed VI. secretly left Constantinople and went aboard the British battle-ship "Malaya," which took him to Malta. Two days before, it was stated, the Sultan had informed General Harington that his life and liberty were in danger, and, as Caliph of all the Mussulmans, asked for British protection and transport facilities. The Sultan, whom the Kemalists had decided to put on his trial, repeated several times that he had not abdicated, but he did not take with him the Islamic relics, one of the chief qualifications for the Caliphate. Our photograph shows him on his

way to the ceremony of the Selamlık (when the Sultan drives to Friday prayers) for the last time. He is said to have been invited to Mecca by the King of the Hedjaz. On November 19 it was announced that the Angora Assembly had elected as Caliph Abdul Medjid Effendi, son of Sultan Abdul Aziz, and Heir-Presumptive to the Throne. Later it was stated that he had accepted the office, and that proclamations would be issued to the Moslem world. Abdul Medjid was born in 1868, and until the Revolution of 1908 led a secluded life, interesting himself in music and painting.

SUCCEEDING LORD HARDINGE IN PARIS: THE NEW AMBASSADOR.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MALCOLM-GRAY; AND PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MARCHIONESS BY LALLIE CHARLES.



TO REPRESENT GREAT BRITAIN IN FRANCE:

THE MARQUESS OF CREWE, K.G.

THE Most Honourable the Marquess of Crewe, K.G., is to be his Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at Paris, in succession to the Right Honourable Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, K.G., who is retiring from the Diplomatic Service. He will thus occupy a post of peculiar importance, especially at the present moment. The appointment will certainly be popular, for Lord Crewe not only possesses long experience of high office, but is much interested in the arts, a poet and a writer, and the owner of choice books, fine MSS., and beautiful bindings. He is sixty-five next January, son of the first Lord Houghton (Monckton Milnes), and a nephew of the third Baron Crewe. He was



THE MARCHIONESS OF CREWE.

educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Cambridge, but, at the age of twenty-five, was appointed assistant private secretary to Lord Granville, the Foreign Secretary. Since then he has been Viceroy of Ireland, Lord President of the Council, Lord Privy Seal, Colonial Secretary, Secretary of State for India, President of the Board of Education, acting Foreign Secretary, and Leader, and Leader of the Opposition, in the House of Lords. In 1899, he married Lady Margaret Primrose, daughter of Lord Rosebery. His first wife, Sibyl Marcia, daughter of Sir Frederick Ulric Graham, third Baronet, to whom he was married in 1880, died seven years later. He has a son—the Earl of Madeley, born in 1911; and four daughters.

FIREWORKS PLEASANT AND UNPLEASANT.

"PYROTECHNICS." By A. ST. H. BROCK.*

Pyrotechnics, like Bernard Shaw's dramatic displays of verbal crackers and catherine-wheels, may be divided into Fireworks Pleasant and Unpleasant.



A GREAT INVENTOR OF "FIREWORKS" FOR THE GREAT WAR: WING-COMMANDER FRANK ARTHUR BROCK, R.N.A.S.—KILLED AT ZEEBRUGGE, APRIL 23, 1918.

Reproduced from "Pyrotechnics," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publisher, Mr. Daniel O'Connor.

"Of the natural phenomena none made so strong an appeal as fire, which from earliest times had been a mysterious and therefore terrible element." Hence its use and abuse in Peace or War.

So far as England is concerned, anything akin to Hood's ode to Madame Hengler, Firework-maker to Vauxhall, would have been meaningless before the adventurous, spectacular days of the Elizabethans—

... be bright and busy
While hoaxed astronomers
look up and stare

From tall observatories, dumb and dizzy,
To see a Squib in Cassiopeia's Chair!
A Serpent wriggling into Charles's Wain!
A Roman Candle lighting the Great Bear!
A Rocket tangled in Diana's train,
And Crackers stuck in Berenice's Hair!

could convey nothing to those familiar only with the offensive aspects of Greek Fire, the explosion of gunpowder, and the crude transparencies, torches, and spluttering coloured flames of the Heavens and Hells of the Mysteries.

But with the great Queen came the Firework Display proper, and it flourished exceedingly through the centuries, albeit with ups and downs of popularity. It signalled and celebrated royal births and marriages, and victories. It should have marked the Coronation of Charles II., when friend Pepys and a goodly company "staid upon the leads and below till it was late, expecting to see the fireworks, but they were not performed to-night." It helped to make and sustain the Pleasure Gardens—Vauxhall and Ranelagh; Cupers, on the south side of the river, where is now the approach to Waterloo Bridge; Marylebone Gardens; the Mulberry Gardens, Clerkenwell; Rosherville, the Cremorne Gardens, and the rest, not forgetting the Crystal Palace, where a Brock's Benefit would draw some sixty-four thousand spectators, plus many another thousand more careful souls who would witness the sight from miles around, congratulating themselves that they saw all for nothing, save the set-pieces, and other "ground" features. These can scarcely have realised what they missed!

There were, for instance, the famous living fireworks, fitting successors to that Madame Saqui who slid 350 feet down an inclined rope at Vauxhall, while enveloped in fireworks. The type shown at the Palace owed their being to the ingenious Brocks. "The performer is clad in overalls of asbestos cloth, and on the side nearest to the spectators wears a light wood framework of which the outline is 'lanced' to depict the particular character to be portrayed. The first subject dealt with was the boxing match." Others well alight, as the Fire Brigade would put it, were Blondin, fighting cocks, the Boxing Kangaroo, a trapeze artist, and a bicyclist. "The next development of this feature was to introduce a living man, who, clad in shining armour and surrounded and illuminated by a frame of fireworks, striking an impressive attitude, slid from the summit of the tower to the terrace.

"The name of this performer, no doubt in imitation of the Italian artists who on a smaller scale carried out a similar feat at Vauxhall, was given in the programme as Signor Gregorini. In private life or in the works, however, he went by the name of Bill Gregory, and it is recorded that, when on the first night he stuck halfway down and had to remain in his airy position for the remainder of the display, his remarks left no doubt as to the country of his origin."

* "Pyrotechnics: The History and Art of Firework Making," By A. St. H. Brock, A.R.I.B.A. With numerous coloured and other illustrations. (Daniel O'Connor; 25s. net.)

And as the art grew in England and in Europe as a whole, it dwindled, as a native production, in the place of its origin, the East. Mr. Brock, and he writes without bias save that of patriotism, puts this country well above the rest. In the East, the Japanese are at the head, and in two cases they have specialised and are unsurpassed. "Japanese pyrotechnists, with that wonderful capacity for careful and exact manual work which is so characteristic of the race, have developed aerial fireworks—that is to say, the shell—to a remarkable degree of perfection. The compositions used are not to be compared with European manufactures in point of colour or brilliance, but the effects obtained are extraordinary. The stars, upon the bursting of the shell, are thrown out in symmetrical patterns and designs. . . . Daylight fireworks also originated in Japan. Instead of pyrotechnic effects, the shell contains a grotesque balloon in the form of an animal, human figure, or other form, which, being open and weighted at the lower end, becomes inflated as it falls and remains in the air for a considerable period. Other daylight effects are coloured clouds formed by coloured powder, distributed by the bursting of the shell, showers of streamers, confetti, and toys." On the other hand, a Chinese effort seen

propellent possibilities when fitted into the end of arrows to assist their forward flight and sustain them in the air—a more than intelligent anticipation of Big Bertha and the Goddard Rocket-to-Mars. They were aware, further, of the value of burning mixtures designed to choke and smoke out the enemy, stink-pot fashion—forerunners of poison-gas and tear-bombs. They used rockets for offence; but—and the "but" should be writ large—all evidence goes to show that gunpowder, "as a mixture of ingredients may have been known from remote times," was not known as a propellent "until well into the Christian era"!

The Great War found military pyrotechnics in a poor way.

The use of the smoke-ball was first demonstrated in this country, in modern times, in 1760, when, at the conclusion of a review in Hyde Park, "pieces of a new construction, of a globular form, were set on fire, which occasioned such a smoke as to render all persons within a considerable distance entirely invisible, and thereby the better in time of action to secure a retreat." The rocket as an incendiary weapon had been tried many a time, and discarded. There were parachute light-balls as far back as 1873; and ground light-balls, both for disclosing enemy working parties, and so forth.

Yet in 1914 the official pyrotechnic stores contained "a few rockets—mostly signal—lights for signalling and illumination, Very pistol cartridges for signalling purposes, with single stars for various colours, and incendiary and light stars for shells." Out of this little stock grew the pyrotechnic wonders of warfare; some of them adaptations of old ideas; others new, to combat new methods—all calculated to fulfil the functions of such things: to destroy or embarrass the troops of the enemy or to assist the troops of the Allies—even, perhaps, though it is not recorded, to emulate those rockets which were used for propaganda purposes at the Siege of Glogau, when "proclamations, etc., were printed on thin paper and fastened to the sticks with light thread."

A full list would be too lengthy, but there may be mentioned the rocket for signalling and for line-carrying; signal lights and illuminating lights of all kinds; smoke-boxes for smoke-screens on land and sea; the Brock anti-Zepelin bullet; buoys which provided their own light on touching water; hovering parachute light-balls; recognition and illuminating lights for aeroplanes; landing lights for aircraft; incendiary bombs; and "the Dover flares of one million candle-power each, used by the anti-submarine patrol in the Straits of Dover, and burned to the extent of several hundreds every night."

To return to civil use, other than for amusement, note must be made of the firework sea-signals for identifying vessels by night—hand-lights, Roman candles, rockets, or Coston lights; the light-bearing, life-saving buoy; our especially British friend, the fog-signal; the maroon burglar and poacher alarm; the miner's squib or fuse-lighter for blasting; smoke for drain-testing, as insecticide, and as rat-dislodger; explosive cartridges for ploughing, by blowing up the sub-soil; and that invaluable invention, the rocket-apparatus for saving those in peril on the seas. Rain-making—or rain-seeking!—too. "There cannot be the slightest doubt . . . that, given clouds in the right condition and altitude, it is quite possible to cause rain. The writer has seen it done, not once but many times; generally, it must be admitted, when the rain was not wanted. Maroons fired in wide-mouthed mortars have been used on the Continent for some years to break up hail-clouds and bring them down in the form of rain over the vineyards, where a hail-storm is a serious calamity to the wine-grower."

So much to indicate the scope of Mr. Brock's exceptionally interesting book, which covers, it must be remarked, not only the history of fireworks through

the centuries and throughout the world, but their specific uses; not only the "letting off," but the manufacture, once a grave danger to workers and their neighbours, now a carefully guarded business with extremely few casualties; not only the effects, but how those effects are produced. To which add a Pyrotechnic Bibliography. Altogether, a worthy record of a trade that is both craft and art.

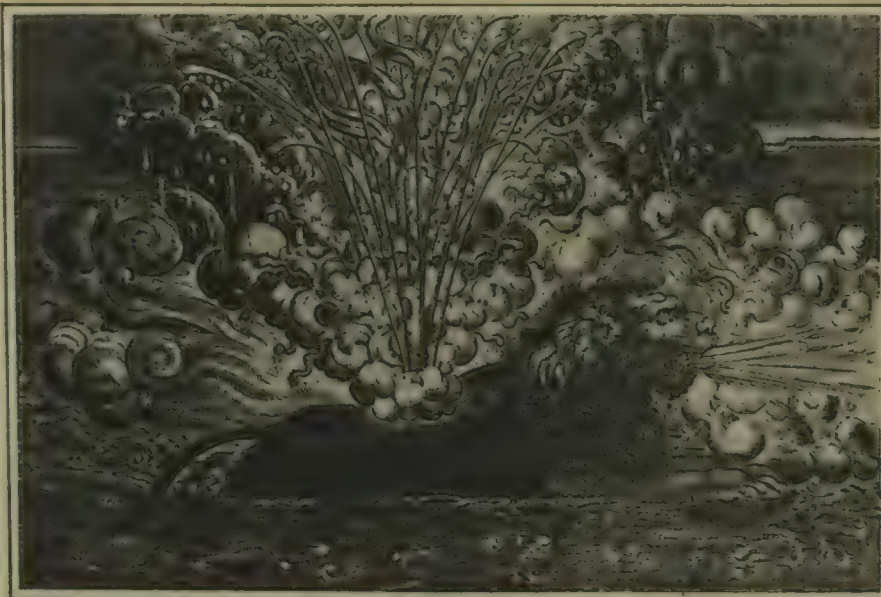
E. H. G.



A LIVING FIREWORK PICTURED IN "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" IN 1845: "JOEL IL DIAVOLO'S DESCENT WITH FIREWORKS, AT VAUXHALL."

Joel Il Diavolo made what the "News" of the day called "the Terrific Descent of Joel Il Diavolo on a Single Wire in the midst of Fireworks."

by Mr. Brock was primitive. "Pyrotechnically, only the crudest effects were produced, the remainder of the display consisting of such items as a man slowly climbing a ladder carrying a lantern." Better have had those "Philosophical Fireworks from Inflammable Air without Smell, Smoke, or Detonation" which were a product of the late eighteenth century, and seem to have been no more than gas-jets variously arranged, some revolving, some stationary, and fed with strontia and baryta or copper to give colour!



A PRINT OF ABOUT 1650: A FIREWORK DISPLAY OF THE EARLIEST TYPE.

Reproduced from "Pyrotechnics," by Courtesy of the Author, and of the Publisher, Mr. Daniel O'Connor.

So much for the pleasant side. Let us turn to the unpleasant.

Fire has always had its rôle in war. The fighters of old knew the terrors of Greek Fire, or naphtha, as they called their mixture of pitch, resin, and sulphur, with, on occasion, crude saltpetre. They realised its incendiary powers when shot from catapults as "filling" for hollow stones and iron vessels; its

HOW DOES THE PHEASANT CHOOSE HIS WIVES? A MATING PROBLEM.

FROM THE PAINTING BY G. E. LODGE, MADE SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS." (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



"THE SULTAN OF THE HAREM": PHEASANTS.

Pheasants, both in a wild and cultivated state, are polygamous, each cock bird being the happy possessor of several wives. For this reason it is that so many more hen pheasants than cocks are left at the end of each shooting season. In most shoots cocks and hens are shot when the coverts are shot through for the first time of the season; after that only cock birds are shot. The generally accepted opinion among sportsmen is that in spring the cock birds wander about the country

in search of hens. But there is nowadays a good deal more exact research on ornithological subjects, and some people are beginning to think that there may be a good deal of truth in the idea that the cock pheasant takes unto himself first of all, not a wife, but a "territory," in which he establishes himself, and by his crowing in the daytime (which he certainly does indulge in during the spring), attracts the hen birds to his domain, and then annexes them as his wives.



THE HEROINE OF "THE BEGGAR'S OPERA": "MISS SYLVIA NELIS AS POLLY PEACHUM." IN THE RECORD REVIVAL.

The revival of John Gay's famous piece, "The Beggar's Opera," at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, has had an extraordinary success. Since its production on June 5, 1920, it has already celebrated two anniversaries and, on November 2 last, its thousandth performance. Its popularity shows no signs of decreasing, and Mr. Nigel Playfair, the producer, expects to continue it until the end of next summer's season. So great has been its vogue that he has also arranged to produce its sequel, "Polly," at the Kingsway Theatre on December 30. Gay himself never saw "Polly" staged, as it was forbidden, for political reasons, by the Lord Chamberlain. Macheath, the highwayman of

"The Beggar's Opera," becomes a pirate in "Polly," after being transported to America, whither Polly herself follows him and shares his adventures. "The Beggar's Opera" was first produced by Christopher Rich at Lincoln's Inn Fields on January 29, 1728, and ran for 63 days—an unusual period then. A note in Pope's "Dunciad" says: "The person who acted Polly, till then obscure, became all at once the favourite of the town." She was Miss Fenton, who ran away with and afterwards married the Duke of Bolton.—[A few unfolded copies of this colour-reproduction can be obtained at 2s. 6d. post free. Address "The Illustrated London News," 172, Strand, W.C. 2.]

AFTER THE PAINTING BY ELEANOR FORTESCUE BRICKDALE, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND THE WALKER ART GALLERY, LIVERPOOL.
BY COURTESY OF THE OWNER, MR. R. S. THOMAS, OF BATTENHALL GRANGE, WORCESTER. ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT RESERVED.

WOMEN OF THE GEORGIAN ERA: GEMS OF MINIATURE-PAINTING.

THE COLLECTION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES. REPRODUCED SPECIALLY MADE FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



CHARMING MINIATURES IN THE WALLACE COLLECTION: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, FROM THE TOP)—1. PORTRAIT OF A LADY, BY ENGLEHEART OR COSWAY (END OF EIGHTEENTH CENTURY); 2. THE PRINCESSE DE TARANTE, ASCRIBED TO COSWAY; 3. MARIA SMYTHE, AFTERWARDS MRS. FITZHERBERT, BY COSWAY; 4. PORTRAIT GROUP SIGNED "HALL" (FRENCH SCHOOL, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY); 5. PORTRAIT STUDY OF A GENTLEMAN, BY COSWAY (END OF EIGHTEENTH CENTURY); 6. GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, AND LADY ELIZABETH FOSTER, BY JEAN GUÉRIN.

Taking these miniatures in the order mentioned above, the full catalogue descriptions are as follows: "(1) Portrait of a Lady in a white head-dress. Ascribed to George Engleheart. A label attached attributes it to R. Cosway, whose style it imitates. British School. End of XVIII. Century. (2) The Princesse de Tarante, Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Marie Antoinette. According to an inscription on the back, this miniature was painted in London during the Emigration. Ascribed to Richard Cosway, but probably of later date. British School. (3) Maria, daughter of W. Smythe, afterwards Mrs. Fitzherbert. By Richard Cosway. (B. 1740; D. 1821.) The inner case is marked 'Teed, London. 1796.' End of XVIII. Century. (4) Portrait Group, formerly erroneously described as 'The Miss Gunnings.' Signed to right: 'hall.' This miniature has always been supposed to represent the two famous English beauties. It must be pointed out, however, that the costumes are much too late for the period of their

youth, and that the features are not those which well-authenticated portraits have made familiar. The old designation must for these reasons be definitely rejected. It is probable that two young French ladies are here represented. A contemporary repetition or copy, of the same dimensions, is in the Thiers Collection, now incorporated in the Louvre. M. Fournier-Sarlovèze has conjectured that the ladies here portrayed are the Duchesse de Polignac and the Comtesse de Polastron, and he ascribes the miniature without further proof to Alexander Kucharsky. Doubtfully attributed to Pierre-Adolphe Hall, Swedish Miniature-Painter. (B. 1739; D. 1794.) French School. Date, XVIII. Century. (5) Portrait Study of a Gentleman (Unfinished). By Richard Cosway. British School. End of XVIII. Century. (6) Portrait Group; Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, and Lady Elizabeth Foster (afterwards, in succession to the former, Duchess of Devonshire). By Jean Guérin. (B. 1761; D. 1835.) Signed."

A NELSON RELIC IDENTIFIED: THE STORY OF A FAMOUS ENAMEL.

PHOTOGRAPH OF HENRY BONE'S ENAMEL OF LADY HAMILTON BY COURTESY OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE WALLACE COLLECTION: THAT OF MME. LE BRUN'S ORIGINAL PORTRAIT BY COURTESY OF MR. TANKARVILLE CHAMBERLAYNE.



NOW PROVED TO HAVE BEEN THE IDENTICAL ONE BEQUEATHED TO NELSON BY SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON: AN ENAMEL PORTRAIT OF LADY HAMILTON IN THE WALLACE COLLECTION, PAINTED BY HENRY BONE IN 1803, FROM THE ORIGINAL PORTRAIT (SHOWN BELOW) BY MME. VIGÉE LE BRUN.

IN his article mentioned below, Mr. D. S. MacColl writes: "I turn now to Nelson's part in the story. He had been outraged, like Madame Le Brun, at Sir William Hamilton's sale of this and other portraits in 1801. 'Can this,' he wrote to Emma, 'be the great Sir William Hamilton? I blush for him.' He spoke of buying the Le Brun, and actually gave £300 for Romney's 'St Cecilia,' hanging and worshipping it in his cabin as 'Santa Emma.' It was perhaps a knowledge of this that induced Sir William to commission the copy two years later and to fix upon it as a legacy to Nelson. The legacy is generally recorded as 'an enamel' merely; hence the failure to identify it with the piece in the Wallace Collection. I have looked up the will at Somerset House and copied the passage in full. It has not, I think, been noticed that the codicil which contains this legacy was written in Sir William's own hand at Merton, where the Hamiltons were Nelson's 'paying guests,' and on March 31,

(Continued opposite.)



THE ORIGINAL OF THE ABOVE ENAMEL: "LADY HAMILTON AS A BACCHANTE," PAINTED BY MME. LE BRUN AT NAPLES IN 1790 FOR SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.

Continued.] 1803. He died, in Nelson's and Lady Hamilton's arms, on the morning of April 6. Nelson is said to have watched by him for six nights without ceasing; it is therefore possible that he was present when the codicil was written. The old man must have been re-reading his will, which begins with the recital of a promise to 'his excellent wife Catherine.' . . . Then follows: 'The Copy of Madame Le Brun's picture of Emma in enamel by Bone I give to my Dearest Friend Ld. Nelson Duke of Bronte a very small token of the great regard I have for his Lordship the most virtuous Loyal and truly Brave character I have ever met, with God Bless him and shame fall on those who do not say Amen.' The remaining and unimportant link in the story, how the enamel came to Lord Northwick, I cannot at present rivet. He was a Harrow schoolmate and neighbour of Sir William and may have bought it at Emma's forced sale in 1814. Perhaps the purchaser of the sale catalogue and inventory at Sotheby's in 1905 can clear that up."

Mr. D. S. MacColl, the Keeper of the Wallace Collection at Hertford House, has just succeeded in identifying the enamel shown in our upper illustration with that mentioned in Sir William Hamilton's will as a legacy to Nelson. Mr. MacColl told the story of his discovery in the "Saturday Review" for November 18 last, from which we quote some extracts above. The enamel was bought for the late Lord Hertford at the Northwick sale in 1859. It is signed and dated by Henry Bone on its face, and fully authenticated by the following inscription in his own hand in the enamel at the back:—"Emma Hamilton. London, March, 1803.

Painted for Sir William Hamilton by Henry Bone, A.R.A., Enamel Painter to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, after a picture by Mme. L. Vigée Le Brun painted at Naples in 1790." Mme. Le Brun records in her "Souvenirs" how the English Ambassador (Sir William Hamilton) asked her to paint the portrait and presented the sitter. She afterwards complained that he made a hard bargain with her for the "Bacchante Couchée" (100 louis) and sold it later for 300 guineas. The picture is now in the possession of Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne at Cranbury Park, Winchester. It was reproduced in the "Connoisseur" for July 1905.

GEOGRAPHY OF THE NEW PARLIAMENT: THE CONSTITUENCIES AS NOW REPRESENTED.

FROM A MAP SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY GEOGRAPHIA, LTD., FLEET STREET.



SHOWING ELECTORAL DIVISIONS, AND PARTIES TO WHICH THEIR NEW MEMBERS BELONG: A MAP OF GREAT BRITAIN AND ULSTER.

In our issue of November 4 we gave a map similar to the above, but showing the representation of the constituencies as it was immediately before the General Election. The above map shows it as it is now, since the election, except in the case of the Orkney and Shetland Islands (in the top left-hand corner), whose election results were not published in time to be included in the map. Those who are interested in the statistics of the political world will no doubt find the two maps very useful and convenient for purposes of comparison between the last Parliament and the new one. The varieties of shading in the different constituencies shown above indicate the parties to which the newly elected members belong, in accordance with the key headed "Reference

to Ruling," half-way down on the right-hand side of the double page. There are also inset maps of various specially congested districts, while several important boroughs are left white on the large map, with a figure in the white space indicating the number of divisions, and the results in these divisions are shown by marginal diagrams. The total number of members in the new House of Commons is 615. The strengths of the various parties were stated on November 20 (before the Orkney and Shetland result was known) as follows: Unionists, 344; Labour, 138; Liberals, 59; National (or Coalition) Liberals, 57; Independents, 5; Co-operators, 4; Independent Unionists, 3; Nationalists, 2; Communist, 1; Sinn Féin, 1.

ART 25,000 YEARS OLD: THE FIRST "FIND" OF PREHISTORIC SCULPTURE.

Drawings After Illustrations in the "Scientific American," by Permission of that Paper. Photograph by Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History.



THE DISCOVERERS AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAVERN: THE COMTE DE BEGOUEN'S SONS, WITH THEIR FATHER.



ON THE WAY TO THE CHAMBER WHERE THE SCULPTURES WERE FOUND: ANOTHER CHAMBER OF THE SAME CAVERN, THE TUC D'AUDOUBERT, IN THE FRENCH PYRENEES.



JUST AS THEY WERE LEFT BY A CRÔ-MAGNON SCULPTOR ABOUT 25,000 YEARS AGO: A MALE (RIGHT) AND FEMALE BISON (EACH ABOUT 18 IN. LONG) MODELLED IN RED CLAY ON THE CAVERN FLOOR—THE FIRST EXAMPLE OF PREHISTORIC SCULPTURE EVER DISCOVERED.

The discovery of two bisons modelled in clay by a Crô-Magnon sculptor 25,000 years ago was made by the sons of the Comte de Begouen, in a limestone cavern named the Tuc d'Audoubert, on his estate in the French Pyrenees near Montesquieu-Avantes, Toulouse. From the chamber of the cavern here illustrated they climbed through long narrow passages into another chamber, about 50 ft. long, 30 ft. across, and 12 ft. high, in which the sculptures were found. The cavern was afterwards visited by Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn, President of the American Museum of Natural History, and other distinguished archæologists. Writing in the "Scientific American," he says: "When the artistic and courageous Crô-Magnon race entered Europe, they not only drove out the Neanderthals and

took possession of the shelters and caverns, but they soon began to penetrate into the innermost labyrinths of the caves . . . for the development of their art. . . . Having personally examined hundreds of drawings and paintings in the deep cavern recesses of France and Spain, I feel that I am quite justified in attributing these unusual faculties to a race that existed between 25,000 and 40,000 years ago. About thirty of these art caverns had been found, but not a bit of sculpture. . . . This absolutely unique discovery astounded all the archæologists of Europe. . . . (It is) one of the greatest wonders of prehistoric art. . . . One is overcome by the mystery of the great antiquity of the human appreciation of art."—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE FIREWORKS BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR SQUARE: ELECTION NIGHT.

DRAWN BY C. E. TURNER.



THE PLINTH OF THE NELSON COLUMN CAPTURED AND RECAPTURED BY FIREWORK BOMBARDMENT: A DISPUTED STRONG POINT FOR WATCHING A CHARLIE CHAPLIN FILM WHILE AWAITING ELECTION RESULTS.

On the evening of November 15, the day of the General Election, London was in a state that recalled the jubilation of Armistice Day in 1918. Huge crowds gathered throughout the West End, and in Trafalgar Square alone it was calculated that there were about sixty thousand people. To while away the time between the announcements of election results, a Charlie Chaplin film was shown on an open-air screen, and the people who had clambered on to the base of the Nelson Column had a particularly good view. Presently their advantage began

to be coveted by the crowd below, who shouted to them to come down and give others a chance. When these appeals were unavailing, hundreds of people bought fireworks from street vendors, and bombarded the position. Part of the "garrison" was thus dislodged. Those who came down then in their turn bought fireworks and bombarded the new defenders, and about midnight there was a regular battle of "sparklers." There were numerous minor casualties, and at least two cases of serious injury.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.—C.R.]

The World of Women



A FRINGE-ADORNED STOLE.

Real chinchilla is beyond the reach of most of us; but a very good substitute is chinchilla rabbit, when it comes from the International Fur Store.

many opportunities for wearing beautiful frocks.

On entering a smart restaurant the other evening, in which several hosts and hostesses of light and leading were entertaining, the head-dresses leapt to one's eyes. They were very mixed as to style, but, take them all round, quite becoming and effective. A tall and slender Countess, with silver hair, wore a thin gold chain over the ripples of silver parted in the centre. From the parting, hanging down on the forehead, was an oval emerald. Later she explained that it was just a green stone; well, so is an emerald! A very little lady, who is a real Countess—the aforementioned is one by courtesy—had a round, crown-like wreath of seed-pearls, from which, at intervals, rose black ospreys interspersed with diamonds—or perhaps just white stones. Quite a girl, dark and handsome, who is soon to play principal lady in a wedding, had a glittering green tissue turban of small size arranged on her dark, well-dressed head, with a green paradise plume rising from a cluster of amethyst beadwork at the right side. A fair woman, more than commonly tall, and most uncommonly handsome, who has had no small part in seating her husband once more in the Legislative Chamber, had a triple bandeau of rubies, or red stones, on her dark hair, showing her beautifully-set, classically shaped and dressed head. Nothing was more effective than this. I have said enough to show a lack of monotony in hair-ornaments, but that room showed many more just as diverse.

Any kind-hearted folk who would like to be of real use to the Irish loyalist refugees, who are arriving here in just what they stand up in, can do so by sending clothes, clean and in good condition, to the clothing department of the Southern Irish Loyalist Relief Association, at 23, Tedworth Square, Chelsea, S.W.3. Cheques for even the smallest amounts will be received with gratitude, and will help to effect real relief. After all, our Irish people are more to us than Turks, Greeks and Armenians, and have done no worse thing than live as loyal subjects to our King and country in their own homes until expelled by fire, by order, or by force of some horrid and outrageous kind. This clothing department is being run on the same lines, and by largely the same ladies, who so successfully ran a similar dépôt in connection with the Marchioness of Lansdowne's Officers' Families Association, which did such splendid things for officers' hard-pressed wives and mothers of families in the South African Campaign and in the Great War. There is nothing narrow or partisan about this relief;

it is for all who stand in need of it. In a large company of self-styled Irish folk the other day, someone questioned the real meaning of the appellation. Not a single one was without admixture of English, Scotch, or Welsh blood; nor are there many people in Ireland who can trace out a lineage without similar admixture. We are all one family and should help each other.

The engagement of Mr. Archibald Edmonstone and Miss Gwendolyn Field is now announced, and the wedding will, I believe, shortly take place. Mr. Edmonstone was in the 9th Lancers, and acted as A.D.C. to the Governor of Madras. His elder brother, who was in the Coldstream Guards, was killed in action in 1916; his younger brother is a Lieutenant in the Navy. Lady Duncedin and the Hon. Mrs. George Keppel are sisters of his father, Sir Archibald Edmonstone, fifth Baronet, of Duntreath, who was one of King Edward's Grooms-in-Waiting. Lady Edmonstone is Hon. Woman of the Bed-chamber to Princess Christian. Miss Gwendolyn Field is the daughter of the late Mrs. Maldwin Drummond, who was, when she married Mr. Maldwin Drummond, the widow of Mr. Marshal Field jun., of Chicago, and the mother of a son who had to be sedulously guarded from kidnappers. Miss Field has been out in Society with her aunt, Countess Beatty, and has won golden opinions.

The Hon. John and Mrs. Fortescue are returning from the United States. Mr. Fortescue had offended the Americans by some rather withering statements about them, of which he very handsomely admitted he had seen the injustice and repented of making. If only modern speakers and writers would

Mr. Winston Churchill, weak and not recovered from serious illness, would not have been so severely tried in Dundee had he never said that "Labour was not fit to govern." I know a woman who all her life suffered from the consequences of a statement she made as a young woman, and who bitterly regretted it. Doubtless there are many, many more. Words break no bones is a true proverb, but how many bonds they break of friendship, goodwill, and kindness!

WITH A "CUSHION COLLAR."

This short mole-skin coat with its cosy cushion collar comes from the International Fur Store.

Mrs. John Fortescue has a dress-making business, and intended to lecture on clothes, and show them in America. One hopes that her husband's indiscretions have not been visited upon her. She is a Sussex woman, daughter of the Rev. Howard Beech, Rector of Barlavington and Barton with Coates. Mr. John Fortescue is the second brother of Earl Fortescue; Captain the Hon. Sir Seymour Fortescue is his senior, and has been in the Royal Household since he was appointed Equerry to King Edward in 1893. He is unmarried. The Hon. John and Mrs. Fortescue have no children.

All the attention which women have been devoting to their hair-dressing of late will make them interested, and a bit proud too, to know that a London firm, Emile, 24 and 25, Conduit Street, secured first prize in London and Paris at the recent Marcel fêtes for the quality and artistry of their hair-work. The exhibitions were open to all, and there were two hundred international competitors. So it is bravo, Emile, of London!

Week-ends in the country are delightful, especially those places where it is sunny and bright. The rude awakening is when one wants to get back on a fog-black Monday morning. I was in the train settled for an hour, when a friend came along and said there was a breakdown ahead on the line, and we should be held up, he did not know how long; would I chance motoring up with him. I "chanced," and that very gratefully. His car had left the station, so he transported me by taxi to his beautiful home bathed in sunshine. I was finally ensconced in a beautiful Bentley coupé, a real little up-to-date well of luxury, and off we went, swimming along up hill and down dale at a merry rate until at Wimbledon a white and woolly wall of fog reared itself against us. Back we went to Sutton, whence I took train to town, and my kind extricator left to go back to his own home, pick up his chauffeur, and make another effort for a train on another line. All was well that ended well, but there are uncertainties even about simple week-ends!

No one is likely now to eat chocolates arriving without proper introductions. Americans, however, need not allow their smiles to be loud and frequent over our Chief of Police having done so. English soldiers never think of such kinds of attempts on their lives, and really one is very glad that thoughts for other sometimes occupy their minds rather than those for their own safety.

A. E. L.



FOR DAY OR EVENING WEAR.

The International Fur Store is responsible for this wrap of natural grey squirrel, with a deep fringe of grey at the back.

remember that "the word once spoken or written cannot be recalled," there would be less undignified recriminations and less unlooked-for future reckonings.

MONTÉ CARLO: WHERE SPRING REIGNS ETERNALLY.



THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS CASINO, SEEN FROM THE GARDENS, WHICH IS THE RENDEZVOUS OF COSMOPOLITAN SOCIETY.

GAY AFTER-SUPPER SCENE AT THE "CAFÉ DE PARIS." WHEN WINTER GRIPS OUR ISLANDS, MONTE CARLO ENJOYS A SUB-TROPIC SPRING.

Monte Carlo is now as easy to reach as our British resorts. Through trains are run daily by the S.E. and C. Ry., from Victoria. Every taste in amusement may be gratified. The finest artistes, of international reputation, may be heard in opera under the able direction of M. R. Gunsbourg. Concerts and *symphoniques* are given every day, directed by MM. Léon Jehin, G. Lauweryns and Maestro Louis Ganne. Lighter entertainment, in the shape of operettes, light comedies, the Russian ballet, and opera ballets are likewise a feature of the many distractions Monte Carlo affords; while there is always dancing for the worshippers of Terpsichore.



Monte Carlo is replete with the best hotels on the Riviera. Foremost among them is the "Hôtel de Paris," communicating with the famous Casino by a covered way. A similar means of communication exists between the hotel and the Sporting Club. Monte Carlo also has its thermal establishment for those requiring a "cure." It is under the direction of a medical specialist, and is unique of its kind. For the motoring visitor there is the "Auto Riviera," the largest and one of the best-managed garages in the world. Over the "Auto Riviera" are the La Festa tennis courts, where some of the world's finest players compete.

IN A LAND OF PERPETUAL SPRING: THE HARBOUR OF MONTE CARLO.

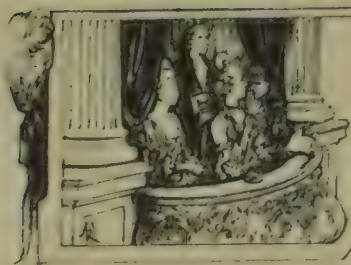
The jaded business man and the Society butterfly equally can find health, relaxation, and enjoyment at Monte Carlo during the winter months. "Monte" is almost as accessible as Margate.



LA FESTA TENNIS COURTS AND GARDENS, OVER THE AUTO RIVIERA GARAGE, WHERE THE MOST FAMOUS PLAYERS COMPETE. THE VAST ROOF SPACE HAS BEEN WELL UTILISED.

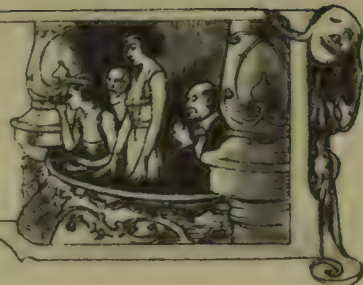


THE 18-HOLES GOLF LINKS AT MONT AGE, WHERE THE GRANDEST VIEWS ARE OBTAINED. THE CLUB HOUSE RESTAURANT IS WORLD-FAMOUS.



The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.



THE POWER OF THE CRITICS—THE GREAT MRS. KENDAL.

THE untoward and speedy withdrawal of the Conrad play from the Ambassadors has led to protest and controversy. Mr. Benrimo, the able producer, naturally waxed wrathful over loss of time and money, and accuses the critics of killing the play. Some critics have already retorted, and in defence have pleaded that criticism cannot kill a play or make it. It so happened that I read much of what had been written about "The Secret Agent," and, while admitting that the general trend was unfavourable, it would be exaggeration to say that it tended to deter the public from going to see it. On the contrary, consideration was the prevailing note, and regret dulcified condemnation. Every critic, in reverence for Conrad's record as a novelist, wished him to succeed as a dramatist, and paid tribute to dialogue and the inwardness of the play—an inwardness which, alas! failed to transpire owing to faulty technique. A more powerful secret agent than the professional critic prophesied a short life. It was the criticism from mouth to mouth—that strange, weird force which manifests itself when people file out, and anon spreads like wildfire. Sometimes it is loud; sometimes—as in this case, when a writer of renown was censured—it was whispered *sotto voce*: "It won't do—it will run a fortnight—not very exciting—so long—what a pity!" I heard it all around me in the throng, and I knew what it meant.

Now, from the point of view of the critic, is it true or untrue that his "notice"—how I hate the word; it sounds like a poster on a hoarding!—has the power to kill? And my reply from long experience is, Yes and no—which is not an Irish way to get out of the question, but the exact definition of his power. He can undo a play by absolute unanimity of anathema; but he cannot make a play by a chorus of praise. And, as criticism is rarely unanimous, the fate of most plays is not dependent at all on what the critic says, but on what the public says by will-o'-the-wisp expressions of opinion. Hundreds of plays have survived the "slatings" of the majority of the critics. Hundreds of plays, lauded to the skies, have failed to attract in spite of an advertisement ornate with superlatives of flattering adjectives. Yet the Press can make or unmake a play, but not by critical appreciation. A well-known play of Pinero's was, years ago, destroyed by a morality crusade long after criticism had had its day; and recently the *Daily Mail* rescued a charming comedy ("The Man in Dress Clothes," in which Seymour Hicks displayed the greatest finesse of his art) from disaster when, in spite of laudatory criticism, the public stood aloof. What the *Mail* did was to trumpet forth to its million readers that this was the play to see; to drum it day after day into the heads of its public; and lo and behold! within a week the theatre-thermometer rose from near zero to "House Full," and for months it pursued a triumphal career! Who knows what would have happened if a Press boom had taken the Conrad play in hand? Plays as well as pills can be made a success by *réclame*.

There is another question entwined with the main issue of the present controversy—and it is whether or not criticism can make actors? But that deserves a chapter of its own on a future occasion.

One speaks of Mrs. Kendal as one speaks of Irving, Lord Roberts, Gladstone. She is a historical figure; but, fortunately, at three-score-and-ten she is yet

among us as a picture of health, full of life's joy, of love for the profession and art which she adores, casting the middle-aged around her into the shade. As I write she will have been fêted by the O.P. Club, and rarely was there such unison of approval of the feast and such eagerness to swell the throng lifting the loving-cup in her honour.

There is but one sad chord in the chorus of tribute, and to attune it to symphony is in Mrs. Kendal's own

is her greatest pleasure to proclaim the rise of the younger generation.

It is years ago since Mrs. Kendal was a leading light of our theatre: her last appearance was as Mrs. Ford in "The Merry Wives" at a gala performance—and never was there a gayer Mrs. Ford or Mrs. Page than Mrs. Kendal and our Ellen Terry—yet to praise her is not the traditional practice of *laudator temporis acti*. Her work of the 'eighties, when all England acclaimed her in "The Iron Master"; of the 'nineties, when in "The Elder Miss Blossom," that lovable study of spinsterdom, she pulled our heartstrings and compelled our tears—lives to-day. I see the characters; I hear the voice as if echoed by a gramophone; her diction, so clear, so marvellously orchestrated to all the emotions, rings still like bells of flawless mould; her inimitable play of gesture recalls silhouettes of scenes wherein a movement was even more telling than the spoken word. I still visualise the lonesomeness of the Elder Miss Blossom, which so affected the artist that at every performance—and I saw the play at least three times—her feelings overcame her and real tears perled from her eyes.

But her greatest achievement—and one that hardly any Londoner can recall, for she reserved the privilege for the provinces—was her Second Mrs. Tanqueray. It was my good fortune to be in Sheffield when she visited that city, and never before did I carry away such deep impressions of the play as when I saw this Paula, so simple, so would-be grand in her elevation from a demi-rep, so understandable in her boredom, so pitifully pathetic in her undoing. I could not compare, and certainly not detract, from her sisters-in-art, be they English or foreign, who have shone and still shine, like Miss Gladys Cooper, in this play which has become the world's possession. There are many ways to read Paula—and in modern drama there are no other parts save "La Dame aux Camélias," Adrienne Lecouvreur, Magda, and Nora, which are so apt of varied conception according to temperament—but, for me, Mrs. Kendal's creation was the Paula of Paulas, for she was entirely the woman of her class seen by the eyes of the time when the *femme entretenue*, raised to the status of respectability by marriage, was "just a cut below a lady," with a difference perceptible only to men of the world.

With her stupendous record—for Mrs. Kendal has embraced the classics as well as modernity—with her innate love and understanding of all that the theatre means, with her genius and the grandeur of her diction, Mrs. Kendal is a great figure in the history of our stage. Is it a forlorn hope that she may yet add a chapter to her luminous life-work?

Here's a welcome to a pleasant, informal little monthly entitled *London's Entertainments*, which will be a useful companion on the writing-tables of journalists and other people wishing to know "what's where." The editor is Mr. H. A. Scott, the accomplished musical critic of the *Westminster Gazette*. The tone of the paper is light and bright, and in a couple of minutes the reader is au courant of all the main features in London's world of art and pleasure. News is interspersed with photographs and comments on topics, people, and problems. For a mere "tuppence" you have a mine of information as rich as an Eversharp pencil.



AFTER A CLAW-LIKE HAND HAS SNATCHED THE HEIRESS'S NECKLACE AS SHE LAY IN BED: A THRILL IN "THE CAT AND THE CANARY," AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.

Our photograph shows the scene just after a claw-like hand raised over the pillow of the heiress-heroine has snatched away her necklace, and friends have rushed in on hearing her cries. From left to right are seen Miss Auriol Lee, Mr. Evan Thomas, Mr. S. J. Warmington, Miss Shiela Courtenay, Miss Mary Glynn (the heiress), Mr. Frank Denton, and Miss Esme Beringer (behind him).—(Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.)

hand. Why, oh why, has this wonderful actress left the boards? Why must we indulge in reminiscences when nature has so well preserved her personality, her lovely voice, now too rarely heard in public except when she elects to illuminate a charity function with one of those witty, human, electrifying speeches of which she is a past-mistress? Behold her in the stalls on a first night—a queenly figure, a countenance agleam with the eager pleasure of expectation, and, when play or acting carries her away, eloquent with

good fortune to be in Sheffield when she visited that city, and never before did I carry away such deep impressions of the play as when I saw this Paula, so simple, so would-be grand in her elevation from a demi-rep, so understandable in her boredom, so pitifully pathetic in her undoing. I could not compare, and certainly not detract, from her sisters-in-art, be they English or foreign, who have shone and still shine, like Miss Gladys Cooper, in this play which has become the world's possession.



CHARMINGLY FEMININE, IN HER SILK WIG: MISS BEATRICE LILLIE IN THE LAST SCENE OF "THE NINE O'CLOCK REVUE," AT THE LITTLE THEATRE.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



COMICALLY MASCULINE: MISS BEATRICE LILLIE, THE MALE IMPERSONATOR, AS "WILLIAM THE CONK" IN "THE NINE O'CLOCK REVUE," AT THE LITTLE THEATRE.

enthusiasm. Her aspect is a living demonstration of what love of the theatre means; her company a liberal education. She will jubilate like a youngster; she will applaud with the fervour of the wildest enthusiast in the gallery; she will analyse, criticise, comment, plunge into memories, and, great herself, it

The John Haig Clubland Series, No. 8.**The Royal Societies Club.**

IN 1709 the leading Philosophers of the time used to foregather to discuss over the dinner-table their problems and their theories. At one time, before it adopted its present title of the Royal Societies Club, this meeting place was known as Dr. Halley's Club, after that staunch old "Admirable Crichton" of Science, who was its leading member.

Another famous member was the woman-hating Cavendish, and a story is told how one evening an exceedingly pretty girl was observed watching from an opposite window the assembled philosophers at dinner. First one and then another got up until all were clustered round the window lost in admiration of the fair one. Cavendish, who thought they were looking at the moon, bustled up in his odd way, and discovered to his unutterable disgust the unsuspected philandering of his fellow scientists.

And if a pretty face could thus distract the learned, how much more than probable it is that the philosophers of 1709 admired and appreciated John Haig Whisky, for then, as now, the *Original* Haig Whisky was renowned among scientific and unscientific alike. For nearly three centuries now this product of Scotland's oldest distillers has enjoyed an unequalled reputation.



By Appointment.

Dye Ken
John
 THE ORIGINAL
Haig?

The Clubman's Whisky since 1627

ISSUED BY JOHN HAIG & CO. LTD., DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, & 79, MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C.3.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF WIND INSTRUMENTS.

COMMENTING last week upon the performance of Bach's Mass in B minor, I drew attention to the magnificent playing of three instrumental soloists. They were all three players of wind instruments. There are two things here which call for remark—the pleasure which the present generation takes in the music of wind instruments, and the excellence of our English players upon them. It is not always easy to distinguish between cause and effect in the history of music. Some readers might suppose that we took pleasure in wind music because the players were so accomplished. Some listeners undoubtedly would; there are always people to whom the player is more important than the music played. In actual fact, the skill of the player is both effect and cause. It is the composer in the first instance who conceives some new beauty in his imagination. The player makes that beauty audible, and other composers, when they have heard it, are stimulated thereby to further exploration of its possibilities.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century the romantic movement in literature caused composers to interest themselves in the harp; it was the appropriate instrument for Ossian, whom everybody was reading. The harp in those days had a very primitive mechanism. To increase its possibilities, a harp-maker in Paris invented an improved action; the harp at once became the favourite instrument of certain later romantic composers, and provided Liszt, Berlioz, and Wagner with opportunities of which Mozart and Beethoven had never dreamed. At the Leeds Festival this year one of Bach's Brandenburg Concertos was performed, in which the trumpet has a prominent and extremely difficult part. Most readers will know that in the days of Purcell, Bach, and Handel trumpet-playing, both in England and Germany,

reached an astonishing degree of skill. In Mendelssohn's day this style of trumpet-playing had become obsolete, and the original parts were regarded as utterly impossible. But the gradual growth of the Bach cult, which Mendelssohn may be said to have initiated, caused trumpet-players to interest themselves more and more in the performance of Bach's works. From a merely material point of view it was worth a man's while to practise these parts until he could play them, because the increasing interest in Bach's music

these days the virtuoso trumpeter probably finds more opportunities in Bach.

Of this school Mr. Barr is the leading exponent at the present day. Being an artist as well as a skilful executant, he is never satisfied; and knowing the difficulty, in the Concerto of Bach to which I have alluded, of keeping the trumpet's tone delicate enough to balance properly against the hautboy and violin, he had a special instrument made for the Leeds Festival. That new Bach trumpet was heard again at the performance in London of the Mass in B minor. There are certain places in the Mass, such as the *Gratias agimus*, where one listens for the trumpets with apprehension. They enter one above the other with a smooth phrase that runs up to the extreme height of the instrument. To reach those notes at all is a matter of considerable difficulty; to play them smoothly and serenely is almost out of the question. Musically, that moment should be one of the sublimest climaxes that Bach ever conceived. In actual performance there is almost always a hesitation or a mishap. Mr. Barr executes the music on his new instrument with the appearance of perfect ease. It is a wonderful sound. It rises above the whole mass of voices and instruments when they are at their loudest—not by a still more piercing loudness, as the ordinary trumpet often does in Scriabin or Stravinsky, but by its peculiar quality of tone. At those extreme heights the tone of a trumpet is not loud as it is loud in its more normal register. But it carries, and it carries the more effectually because Mr. Barr plays it with a perfectly smooth singing *legato*, just as a singer of equal skill might by pure *legato* singing make his voice come through an orchestra when

the man who bawled and shouted was overpowered. Mr. Barr's new trumpet was a revelation to many distinguished musicians at Leeds, and I am told that various composers expressed their intention of employing the instrument in their as yet unwritten works.

[Continued overleaf.]



THE APOSTLE OF AUTO-SUGGESTION IN THE PULPIT OF A CITY CHURCH: M. EMIL COUÉ ADDRESSING BUSINESS MEN IN ST. KATHERINE CREE'S.

M. Emil Coué, of Nancy, the famous exponent of auto-suggestion, recently arrived on another visit to London. On November 14, he spoke at lunch time to a congregation of business men from the pulpit of St. Katherine Cree Church in Leadenhall Street. He has also held sessions at the Coué Clinique at Campden House Court, and has given addresses at Wigmore Hall, and in Manchester and Chester. On the 27th he is due at Exeter, and he has also been invited to Oxford.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

would mean an increasing number of professional engagements for the man who could execute it. During the last thirty years there has existed a very fine school of trumpet-playing in England, descended from the school of Purcell's day, and kept alive chiefly by the Victorian devotion to the music of Handel. In

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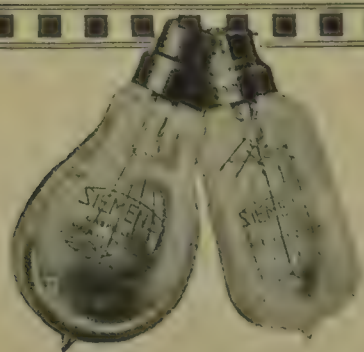
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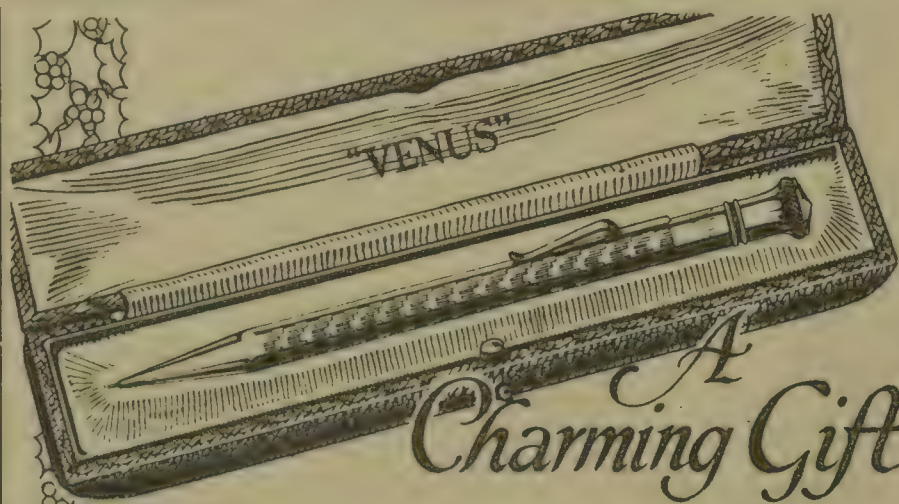
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Johnnie Walker: “ Mary Queen of Scots—bearer of an immortal name, for ever enshrined in Scottish hearts.”

Shade of Mary Queen of Scots: “ Flatterer ! I am afraid your name is more often on their lips.”

If Mr. Barr's accomplishment should stimulate one of our composers to write a concerto for him, the world might have reason to be grateful. It was Stadler's accomplishment on the clarinet that led Mozart to compose the Clarinet Quintet and the Clarinet Concertos; Mühlfeld's skill had a similar stimulus for Brahms. Only recently the fact that Mr. Lionel Tertis is an exceptional player of the viola led Mr. Arnold Bax to write a concerto for that neglected instrument, and the important thing about the episode is that this viola concerto is by far the best thing that Mr. Bax has composed. Another wind-player for whom various composers are rumoured to be writing concertos is Mr. Leon Goossens. There stands out vividly in my memory a recent occasion when he played the hautboy solo which opens the slow movement of Brahms's Violin Concerto. The violinist I have completely forgotten.

Modern composers have developed a new and intense interest in the sound of wind instruments. There is much talk about it among those writers on music whose knowledge of the art does not go further back than about 1910. The people who experiment in "the juxtaposition of unrelated sonorities," the people who are said by their seniors to prefer ugliness to beauty, and by their contemporaries to be objective rather than subjective, mostly seem to prefer the wind to the strings—the strings, they say, are too vague and sentimental. They want strong, clear colour, even if it be harsh, and a firm melodic line. The strings have their "colour" too, but it is too elusive and indefinite, their sense of melody too yielding and unreliable. That is one reason why the present day takes so much pleasure in Bach and Mozart, especially in those works of theirs in which wind instruments are prominent. In the first place, the tone-quality of the wind instruments is comparatively unfamiliar, and has the attraction of novelty. Being more definite and uniform as well as more penetrating than that of the strings, it makes the movement of parts easier to follow. If the wind instrument in this way teaches the public to listen to the clear movement of parts rather than to the smudge of harmonies, it will be all to the good.

The modern mind undoubtedly seeks for harshness in music, and, however hideous much of the newer music



IN THE EXHIBITION OF CHINESE ART AT WHITECHAPEL: A FIGURE OF A HORSEMAN IN POTTERY OF THE MING PERIOD.—[Photograph by Photopress.]



A FISH OF SOLID JADE: CHINESE ART AT THE WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY—THE SECRETARY SHOWING VISITORS TWO REMARKABLE EXHIBITS.

A wonderful exhibition of Chinese paintings, pottery, and other crafts was recently opened at the Whitechapel Art Gallery. Many of the exhibits date back to 600 A.D. That on the left above is a fish carved in solid jade. On the right is a bronze vase of the T'ang period.—[Photograph by Topical.]

may sound, there is not the least doubt that in certain cases true musical inspiration is at the back of it. There are plenty of passages in Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven which, taken out of their context, are hideous still; but we have no doubt now that those cacophonies were the marks of that genius which distinguished Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven from their minor contemporaries. For acoustic reasons such cacophonies are much less unpleasant when performed by strings or by voices than when heard on wind instruments. The romantics of the nineteenth century, if they discovered them at all, liked to hush them up by playing them discreetly; the modern age rejoices in them, and welcomes the biting tone which makes them as plain as possible. The modern age is anxious to be honest in its music. It feels that wind instruments tell the truth. There is no doubt that Bach and Mozart, the only old composers whom the modern age respects, can bear to have the truth plainly told. There are some modern musicians who hate "expression." They are quite right, if they mean sentimentality. But every phrase of music has its natural "expression," and to play it without any nuance and yet secure its significance is almost impossible. String-players generally tend to exaggerate nuance; it is part of the school in which they are brought up. Wind-players, who have different difficulties in the technique of their instruments, never regard nuance as a matter of habit. Indifferent wind-players have no nuance at all; the good ones are singularly reticent in their employment of it. What Bach requires is not the romantic tearfulness of the fiddler; he requires from strings and wind alike the nuance of intelligence. When our wind-players sustain the interest of Bach throughout a whole long movement, they show themselves not merely able executants, but artists of real musical intellect.

EDWARD J. DENT.

MINIATURES FROM THE WALLACE COLLECTION.

WITH reference to the miniatures from the Wallace Collection illustrated in this number, we should like to point out that they are reproduced in two colours only, and that, in consequence, although the reproductions are very near the originals, they cannot be absolutely exact in colouring.

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THE number of those who play golf is growing by leaps and bounds. There are reasons enough and to spare. It is an all-the-year round game, suited to any age and either sex—a thoroughly companionable



ONE OF "THE STATELY HOMES OF ENGLAND" AS A GOLF CLUB HOUSE: MOOR PARK, A FINE OLD SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY MANSION NEAR WATFORD, THE HEADQUARTERS OF THREE NEW COURSES.

game, not over-strenuous, yet accompanied by good, healthy exercise.

Golf is adding every day to the host of its devotees in London or perhaps we should say, would-be devotees. For here is the great difficulty: there are not nearly enough golf-courses within easy reach of London to go round. The resources of every existing course are taxed to the utmost. At the week-ends particularly, when most people have their one chance for a round or two, courses near London are more than uncomfortably crowded.

Here, then, is a piece of news which will be received with the greatest possible interest by many hundreds of Londoners. There are three new and beautiful golf-courses to be opened shortly not more than half-an-hour's journey from Baker Street or Marylebone: three delightful eighteen-hole courses, all quite close to one another!

The place where the miracle is going to happen is Moor Park, a beautiful estate on the border of Hertfordshire and Middlesex. Rickmansworth lies to the north, Watford to the east, and Northwood to the

south. The Metropolitan and Great Central Railways supply an admirable service of fast trains.

Your ardent golfer with memories of Rye, Sandwich, or Westward Ho! will immediately ask, "What of the soil?" He will find the answer as satisfactory as he could wish. The soil is light and sandy, admirably suited to the purpose. There are plenty of natural hazards, and artificial ones are being built without any difficulty.

Mr. H. S. Colt, perhaps the most prominent golf-course architect of the day, is undertaking the laying-out of these three courses, and he is finding the job very much to his liking. Anyone who is familiar with his work elsewhere will know that he is certain to take full advantage of the conditions, and map out a first-rate, thoroughly sporting course.

The "A" course, the first of the three, is practically ready for play. The tenth hole, which we illustrate here, is a dog-leg hole of about 400 yards. Drive to the left and you are fairly safe, though there is a pond to be avoided; on the right, a copse juts into the course. If you slice from the tee, the copse has to be negotiated, and the outlook becomes none

too bright. Altogether, the "A" course has plenty of golf interest. The "B" and "C" courses will be equally testing. With a choice of three to play over, a member of the new club will have an almost unrivalled variety.

There is one other hole to be mentioned—the all-important nineteenth, which acts in that capacity to all three courses. Here Moor Park is in a unique position. The club-house will be the superb mansion which stands in the centre of this 3000-acre estate.

Moor Park was built by the Duke of Monmouth in 1670, and was afterwards re-fronted in the Italian style by Benjamin Styles, one of the heroes of the South Sea Bubble adventure. Subsequent owners of the property include Lord Anson, the victor of Cape Finisterre, the first Marquess of Westminster, Lord

Ebury, and the present "Lord of the Manor of the Moor," Lord Leverhulme.

Each of these owners has dealt faithfully with this historic estate. Its original beauties have been preserved and further cultivated. The outside of the mansion is in a remarkably perfect state of preservation. The great reception-rooms were painted by Sir James Thornhill, a friend of Wren's, and the paintings might have been done yesterday. There is much exquisite furniture, some of it contemporary with the original building, including some work by Robert Adam.

Here, then, is a club-house ready made, so beautiful as to be in itself a sheer joy to the members of the club. What a house to have for the entertainment of friends! The 400 acres of deer park immediately round the mansion are used for the three golf courses, and there remain another 2500 acres or more for development. Whatever happens to these 2500 acres, nothing will be allowed to mar in the smallest degree the pleasure of the club members. Building will be begun at a later date, and it will obviously be a delightful place for Londoners to live. But even then only half or less than half of the available land will be given over to building, and every tree or shrub now growing will be preserved. For the moment, however,



"THERE IS A POND TO BE AVOIDED": A HAZARD ON THE WAY TO THE TENTH HOLE ON THE "A" COURSE, THE FIRST OF THE THREE NEW ONES TO BE LAID OUT AT MOOR PARK.

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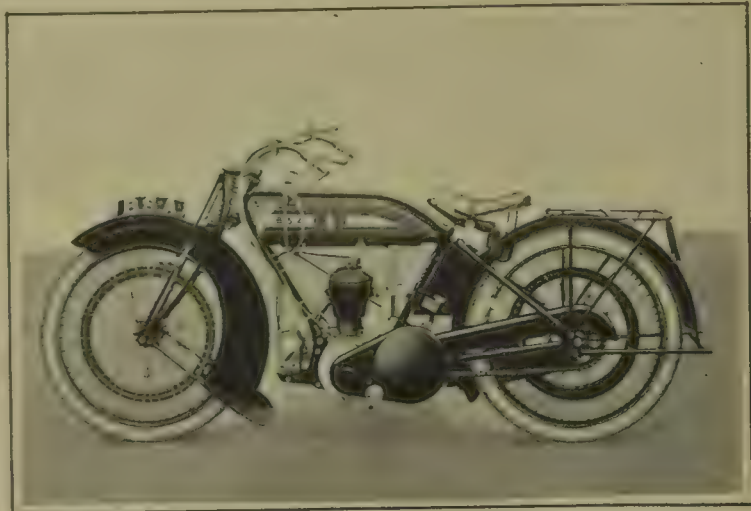
The Motor-Cycle Show. To-day, the annual exhibition promoted by the Cycle and Motor Cycle Manufacturers' Union opens at Olympia. It would hardly be correct to say that it excites the same public interest as the Motor-Car Show which so recently closed, but I should be inclined to say that the interest is of more understanding kind. Possibly I have not put it in quite the right way, but it is not so very wide of the mark. Compared with the motor-cycle, the motor-car is a complex piece of mechanism, and I will make bold to say that hardly one in six of the visitors to the Motor Show has a real appreciation of what it is and how it works. The motor-cycle is a much simpler affair, and I think its devotees approach it, generally speaking, from a different angle of view. Practically every motor-cyclist is an expert on his machine; and very many of the younger generation, who supply the bulk of the non-trade visitors to the Motor Cycle Show, although they may still be in the stage of looking forward to ownership, know more about machines than many "experts." Therefore, they go to the Show with a keenly intelligent appreciation of all they see, and there is, somehow, a different atmosphere from that which is encountered at the

Like cars, motor-cycles have come down in price very materially, the while they have been very much improved in detail. I should not like to say that design and detail have arrived at anything like finality, because there is really no such thing as finality at all, but it is very difficult to see how much more improvement is to be made. I take it that basic design is settled for the time being, and that we are not likely to see much change in the outward appearance of the motor-cycle, which still follows the lines of the ordinary bicycle. None of the attempts that have been made to break away seems to have met with success—a very distinct tribute to those who settled the design of the push-bicycle. Even such a machine as the Ner-a-car, although it embodies departures from the conventions, still follows the outline of the bicycle. Incidentally, this Ner-a-car type, in the much improved form in which it is exhibited, strikes me as being a very practical and good little machine. It seems to be

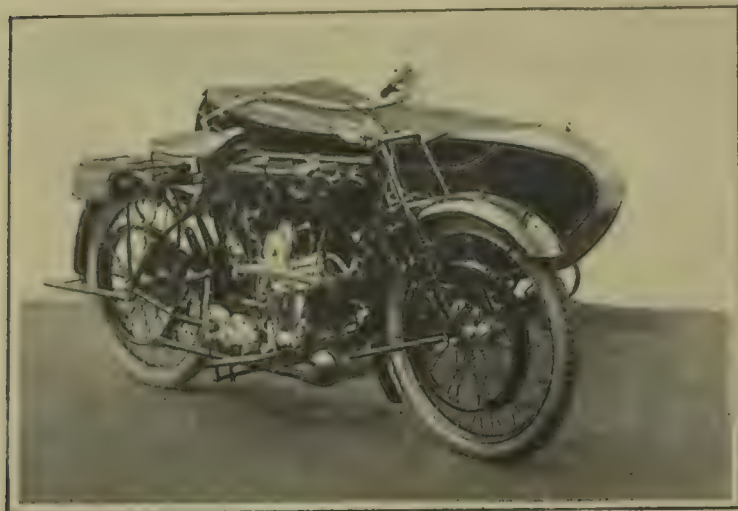
just what is wanted as a tender to the car—the kind of machine one can use for running up to the golf club, or to and from the station. Not that it is incapable of much more serious use. It is quite a machine for a long solus tour, if need be; but it is in the capacity of tender to the bigger vehicle that I discern most of its possibilities.

B.S.A. Machines. The Birmingham Small Arms Company believe in a multiplicity of models to suit every class of user. These comprise for the coming year a 2½, a 3½, a 4½, a 6 and an 8-h.p. model. The first three are of the single-cylinder type, the 6 and 8-h.p. machines being twins. Quite a number of detail improvements have been made during the present year, and prices have been somewhat reduced. Always an excellent mount, the B.S.A., in all its models, is a machine which one can recommend with the utmost confidence. It is perfectly evident from an inspection of the B.S.A. that an unusual amount of thought has

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Motor Show. In a word, what the present Show suffers in lack of record attendances it more than makes up in real public interest.

heart what his users tell him about the behaviour of machines on the road, that it is quite refreshing to see a range of machines which have obviously been designed from the point of view of those who have to ride them. These B.S.A. machines bear the whole impress of sound, practical knowledge, and I recommend the visitor not to miss seeing them.

W.W.

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Travellers to the Continent should note that the through service, first and second class, Boulogne-Biarritz, which was due to cease running on Nov. 5, will continue daily until Jan. 1, 1923. This service runs in connection with the train leaving London (Victoria) at 9.15 a.m., and, for the return journey, with the train arriving in London (Victoria) at 10.45 p.m. It should prove most useful to visitors to Pau, Biarritz, St. Jean-de-Luz, and neighbouring places.

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NATURE STUDY.

DURING recent years our schools have begun to realise the value of "Nature Study" as a means of training the powers of observation of children as well as of arousing a deeper and more intelligent interest in the world they live in. But, at best, such teaching can be no more than superficial. For in the first place the youngsters' capacity for assimilation is naturally not great, and the time which can be devoted to this scheme is limited. At most, no more can be done than to prepare the ground and sow the seed for future harvesting—should the seed fall upon good ground. Only a very few ever become "past-masters" in the art of observation, which demands alertness of mind, discrimination, and powers of interpretation, a keen vision, infinite patience, and ability to endure physical discomfort and fatigue.

Miss E. L. Turner long since proved her ability in this field, and her address, as retiring President of the Norfolk and Norwich Naturalists' Society—one of the foremost of our scientific societies—furnishes a most admirable illustration of the need of that element of cumulative personal experience which is essential to those who would speak with authority on such themes, for example, as the haunts and habits of birds. The average schoolmaster—or mistress—may have reached the end of his tether when he has imparted the information that "sea-gulls" will be found on the sea-shore, robins and thrushes in the hedgerows, and water-hens on wayside ponds.

Miss Turner's address draws attention to facts about the haunts of birds, and the fluctuating abundance of characteristic species in a given area, which are commonly missed by the average dweller in

the country. She shows, too, how sensitive such haunts are to human interference. Take that most bewitchingly beautiful little bird, the yellow wagtail, as a case in point: a bird for which I have a singular affection, for it was abundant in the marshes near my home when I was a boy. These birds love cattle-frequented marshes, where insects abound. All round Hickling Broad (Norfolk), during the last few years, these birds have been steadily decreasing in numbers. Where a dozen pairs could be seen in the course of a morning, one is fortunate now in seeing one; and this because their breeding haunts have reverted to rough wastes, for yellow wagtails dislike coarse, rank herbage.

"During the war," we are told, "many marshes, meadows, and reed-beds, which under ordinary circumstances would have been mown annually or biennially, were entirely neglected. Consequently warblers, reed buntings, and meadow pipits abounded in those areas. I have never heard such tremendous outbursts of song before dawn as occurred during the springs of 1918 and 1919. The numbers of reed-warblers and sedge-warblers that helped to swell the great chorus seemed incredible."

That singularly beautiful and very remarkable bird, the bearded tit, has now but one stronghold in the British Islands—the Norfolk Broads. Largely owing to the rapacity of the egg-collector, it came perilously near to extinction. In 1898, according to the estimate made by the late Mr. J. H. Gurney, they were reduced to thirty-three pairs. Thanks to zealous protection, their numbers have greatly increased. But even now, Miss Turner assures us, they are no more than holding their own. This is largely due to the fact that they are entirely insect-eaters, so that during a hard winter the mortality is terribly high. And

when the winter is over, the ranks of the remnant may be still further depleted by a hail-storm in May.

How much more adaptable to changes in their environment some species are, Miss Turner shows in the case of the long-eared owl, which since 1914 has largely increased in the neighbourhood of the Broads. Since 1912 the majority of nests found here have been placed upon the ground, owing to the destruction of so many trees round the Broads during that year of floods.

Her observations on that quaint and beautiful bird, the great-crested grebe, are extremely interesting. A few years ago, owing to the demands of the milliner, this bird was well-nigh wiped out. Timely protection saved them, and in a few years all the Broads were again stocked with grebes. But a given area of water can only support a limited number of these birds. And this number is determined, not merely by the abundance of the fish supply, but also by the relative depth and clearness of the water. On the large but shallow Hickling Broad, where the water is clear, the maximum number of pairs seems to be six; and these now rear but one nestling in place of three or four apiece. This decrease in fertility seems to be due to the difficulty of capturing sufficient food; for, owing to the clearness of the water, the fish see their pursuers and escape to the reeds before they can be overtaken.

I have now taken sufficient from this admirable address to serve my purpose: which is to show the unsuspected complexities of "Nature Study," and that "life-histories" of birds cannot be compiled on casual observations, but demand close and continuous study over a series of years; while what may be called the routine, the normal sequence of their lives, is continually modified, or deranged, by changes in the physical and animate environment.

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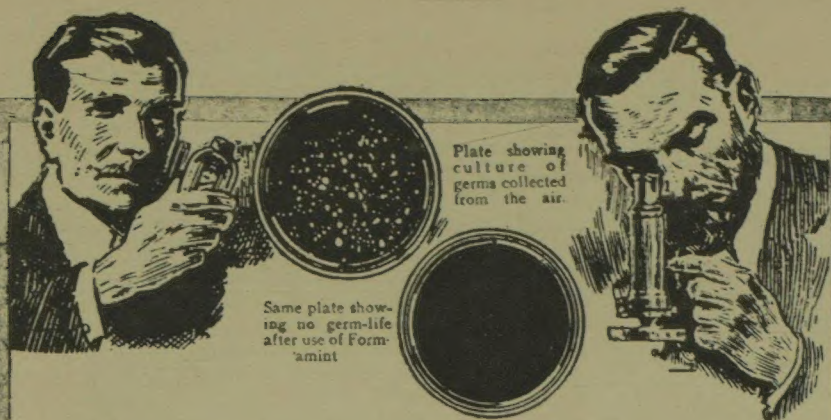
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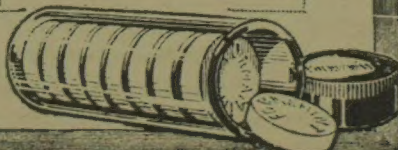
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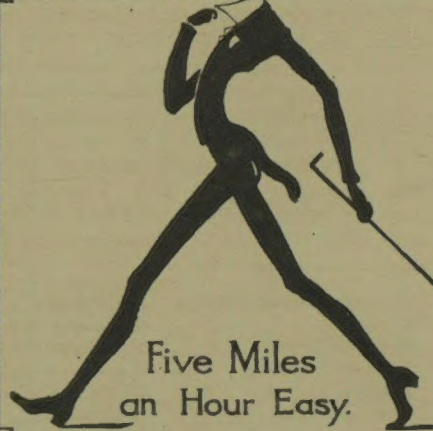
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

MISS THORNDIKE'S REVIVAL OF "THE CENCI."

ACTING apart, the interest of the first public performance of Shelley's "Cenci" is mainly academic. It is well that the work of a great English poet should see the light of day, but in the matter of drama as distinct from poetry the theatre did not lose much from its prolonged eclipse. The removal of the Censor's ban corresponds with the general feeling that the policy of taboo in connection with such a work of art is absurd; but the monstrous nature of the theme of "The Cenci," a father's unspeakable crime, is certainly a handicap to illusion. Under the test of stage presentation this theme is found hardly so much to outrage as to paralyse a modern audience's feelings; not until Count Cenci himself is removed from the action can playgoers respond to the rhetorical and emotional appeal of the tragedy. There is more rhetoric than action; little sense of climax, and far too much indulgence in anti-climax. The earlier acts leave an impression of horror; but it is horror that numbs the spectator's senses and makes him yearn for the sharp stroke of the assassin so long a-coming. With

that blow dealt he can breathe, and then what comes to him from over the footlights is the eloquence of the writing and the propaganda behind that eloquence—propaganda directed against the harshness of conventional justice and the hypocrisy of official religion. Beatrice denouncing her accusers becomes the poet's mouthpiece in voicing his gospel of anarchy, and uses dock and prison as a rostrum from which to pour out impassioned strains of pessimism. It is this phase of Beatrice which inspires Miss Sybil Thorndike to her finest efforts of acting. Mr. Farquharson's Cenci was worthy of association with such a Beatrice, though more intellectually than emotionally satisfying; he was Italianate in everything save the absence of passion.

"THE LAUGHING LADY," AT THE GLOBE.

Mr. Sutro knows everything that is to be known about stage-craft; his workmanship is always neat, he has the sense of the theatre in his bones, he can invent telling situations. But an author may be very closely in touch with the stage and too little in touch with life. That is Mr. Sutro's case. Too often his characters are mere figures of the theatre, made to act in this way or that, not because they must, but because

the playwright's plan requires such conduct. This sort of artificiality may pass muster so long as Mr. Sutro confines himself to satire and farce; it is acceptable enough—nay, very amusing—in two out of three acts of his new play for Miss Löhr, "The Laughing Lady," which move mainly on such a plane. His opening is so brisk and vivacious as to put the audience at once in a good humour. To good better succeeds, certainly in the passage in which the dull-witted husband, who has divorced his wife on hearsay and repents, attacks his own counsel for having dared to insult her in the witness-box. That is a happy stroke of comic improvisation which deserves all the laughter it gets. Where Mr. Sutro and his characters go wrong is when they quit the region of farce and attempt to display emotion. Miss Marie Löhr does her best to be sentimental and sermonising in the last act, but she is more herself in the gayer moments of the piece. Miss Violet Vanbrugh does wonders of quiet pathos with the scene in which the barrister's wife appeals to the heroine. To Miss Edith Evans fall all the author's wittiest lines; she scores in every speech. Mr. Godfrey Tearle and Miss Henrietta Watson are other members of a brilliant cast.



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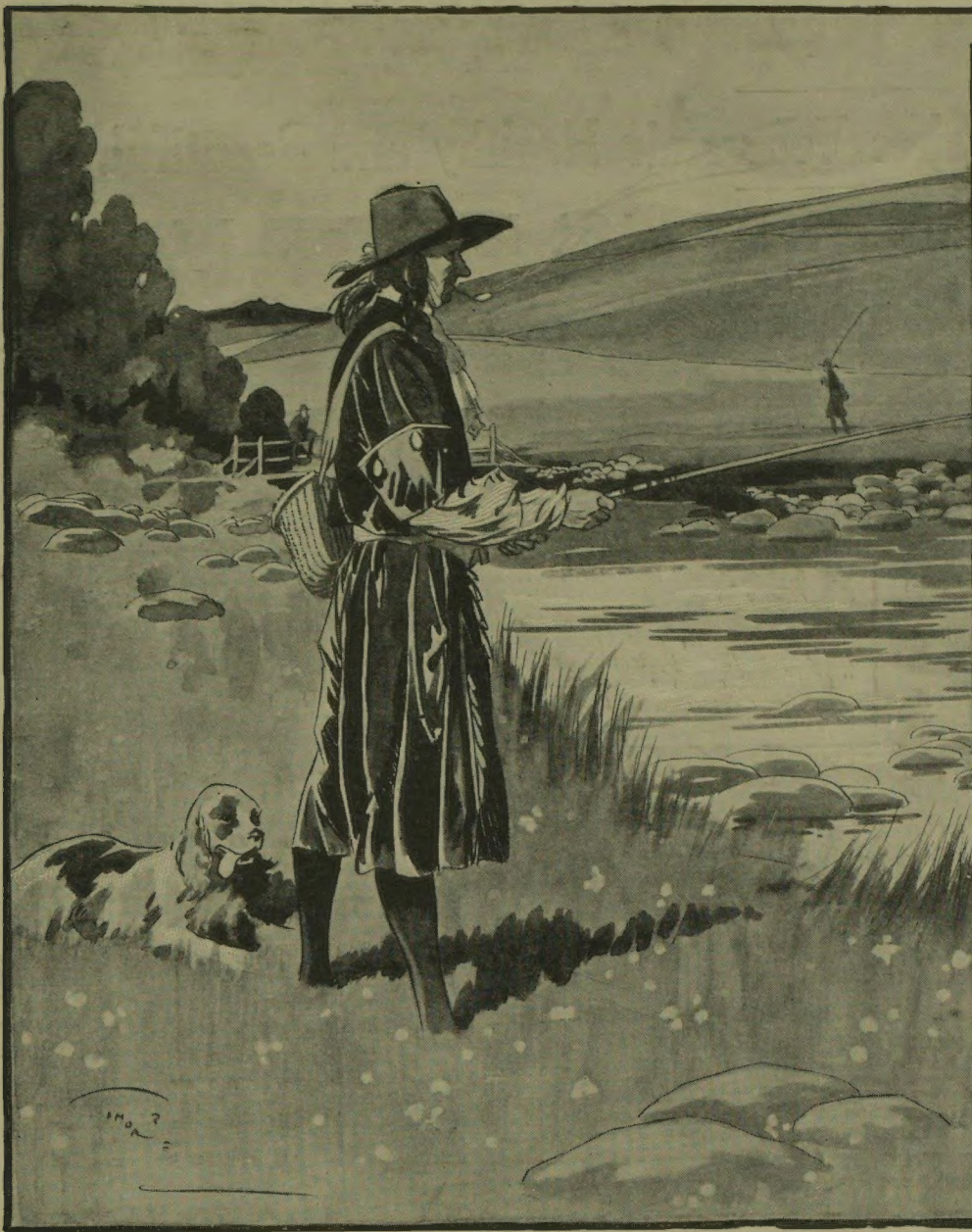
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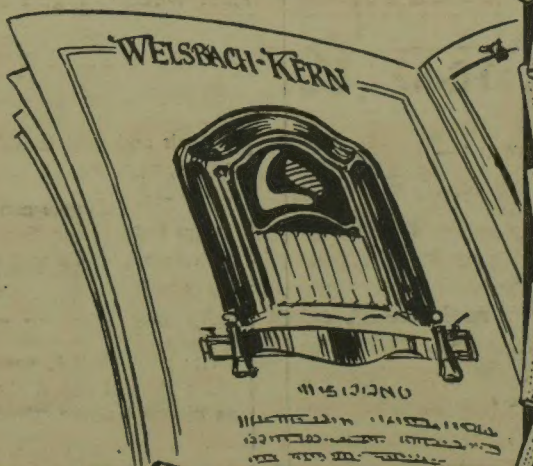
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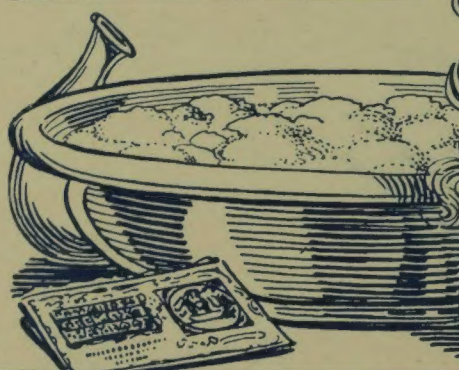
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"HARLENE" GIFT COUPON

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 & 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address. *Illus. London News, 25/11/22.*

NOTE TO READER.

Write your **FULL** name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

N.B.—If your hair is **GREY**, enclose extra 2d. stamp—6d. in all—and a **FREE** bottle of "Astol" for Grey Hair will also be sent you.